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THE CONSTELLATION.

LOOSE SHEETS.

Picked up by a Stroller.
No. X.

It is enough to say of the following, that it was found in the cast-off-coat pocket of a very rubicund visaged gentleman, who had a nose as red and pimply as Bardolph's—"a perpetual bonfire." I hope he has now got over his fright, and eats peaches and oysters with renewed gusto, after a month's abstinence.

THE CHOLERA.

The cholera, oh the cholera—
I'm wearied of the sound;
I almost envy those who sleep
In peace beneath the ground.
There's quiet in the grave, for which
In vain we here endeavor,
And the changes on the subject rung,
Bid fair to ring forever.
Sweet Pleasure has lost all her bloom,
And Fun has died of fright,
While jocund song, and rosy wine,
Alike are bottled tight.
I asked my friend if 'twas not Mirth
I saw approaching far—
He answered, "Mirth, a month ago,
Had died of cholera."

Oh 'tis an imp that lives in all
The food that's placed before us,
His voice is ever in our ears,
Expected like a chorus:
The apple and the velvet peach
Expose his scowling phiz,
And all the sweet and luscious fruit,
The Doctors say are his.

A pudding we may never eat,
Nor revel in a tart,
And if we drink a julep now
The demon makes us smart:
In every glass of wine we taste,
He bubbles to the brim;
Try but an oyster, and we pay
A penance unto him.

When will the weary monster pass,
And let us smile again—
When will he let the music play,
As erst, a merry strain?
Why does he drive the frolic girls
To seek for country air—
And why the thrice-veiled gouty man
To anguish and despair?

I'm trying all I can to turn
My groans into a laugh,
To think, when he is dead, how I
Will write his epitaph:—
So go away, good monster! go—
To Newport, or to H-ll,
For you're too great a dragon far,
On Christian ground to dwell.

But no—I fear it may not be,
You will not budge an inch:
We find that nostrums, chloride, fire,
Will never make you flinch:
We hear of you in every street,
At every shop and bar,
The bugbear of the talking world,
The frightful cholera.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NUMBER XXII.

PERSIAN AMBASSADOR AT MOSCOW.—The worthy old Persian, whose name was *Orazai*, often exchanged visits with us. He brought us presents, according to the custom of his country; and was much pleased with an English pocket knife we had given him, with which he said he should shave his head. At his de-

small carpets, barefooted, with his face towards Mecca; holding, as he said, intellectual converse with Mohammed.

Orazai came from Tarky near Derbent, on the western shore of the Caspian. He had with him his nephew, and a Cossack interpreter from Mount Caucasus. His beard and whiskers were long and grey, though his eyebrows were black. All his suite joined in prayer, morning and evening, but the old man continued his devotions long after he had dismissed his attendants. *Orazai* was very desirous that we should visit Persia, and taking out a reed, and holding it in his left hand, he began to write from right to left, putting down our names and noting the information we gave him of England. Afterwards he wrote his own name in fair Persian characters, and gave it to me, as a memorial by which he might recognize me if ever we met in Persia.

An amusing embarrassment took place whenever a little dog of mine found his way into the ambassador's room in search of me. The Persians immediately drew up their feet, and hastily caught up all their clothes, retiring as far back as possible upon their couches. They told us, that if a dog touches even the skirt of their clothing, they are thereby defiled, and cannot say their prayers without changing every thing, and undergoing complete purification.—*Dr. Clarke's Travels.*

THE ISFAHANIS.—The inhabitants of Isfahan are reputed quick and intelligent. Like those of other large cities in Persia, they differ much both in appearance and character, from the peasantry who dwell in the villages.

In the large towns, and particularly where there are manufactories, the inhabitants are generally well clothed, and their whole appearance indicates that they live in comfort. There are in all such towns numerous schools, and in the principal ones colleges.

At Isfahan, almost every man can read and write, and artisans and shop-keepers are often as familiar as those of the higher ranks with the works of their favorite poets. The love of such learning seems, in some of the youth of this city, to degenerate into a disease. These *Talib-ul-ilm*, or 'seekers of science,' as the students are called, may be seen in crowds round the gates, or within the walls of its college, reciting stanzas, or discussing obscure dogmas or doctrines in their works on philosophy or religion, and they often become, from such habits, unfitted for every other pursuit in life.

The population of Isfahan, notwithstanding such exceptions, may be described as an active and industrious people. They are considered the best manufacturers and the worst soldiers in Persia. But whatever may be their deportment in the field of battle, they are remarkable for the boldness of their language in the field of argument, and have great confidence in their ready wit and talent for repartee.—*Sketches of Persia.*

WASTE PAPER.—I have a horror of this waste and woe-begone—this outlawed, wandering, Cain-like material, which all men despise, and which none can do without; which, like the Greek, the Armenian, the Hebrew, and the Gipsy, all think they may burn, and tear, and scorn, and banish. I have a perfect horror of it!—Even my portmanteaus are lined with pink satin note-paper.—*Young Duke.*

VIRGIL.—"You are very right in supposing that Virgil carried the Roman language to its fullest extent; and that, by going a little farther, he might have gone too far. That language would not have supplied him with sufficient variety for epic composition, if he had confined himself to the poetical language formed by his predecessors. Doubtless, there are passages, which even the contemporaries of Virgil must have found somewhat dissimilar to vernacular idiom. The only resource Virgil had was in *Grecism*. But here we must distinguish. He in more than a thousand places takes his matter from Greek poets of various ages; and more especially from the Homeric poems. He had before him the poets of the Alexandrian school; and I have had occasion to observe to scholars, that, in the structure and cadence of his verse, he resembles the writers of Alexandria, even more than the older writers of the *Odyssey* and *Iliad*. But while he imitates the thoughts and almost the words of Greek poets, he does not adopt Greek idioms; he employs those idioms when, according to his own taste, he could employ them well; and I am quite certain, that, when the *Æneid* came out, it was considered by his contemporaries as a learned poem; and that, according to their different tastes,

the novelty of his Grecising phraseology pleased or displeased. Moreover, he indulged largely in the *hiatus*, as did the Greeks. The peculiarities to which I advert, appeared to him, and appear to me, beauties.—*Dr. Parr.*

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—After he took up his residence in London, he lived in a very handsome style, and kept his carriage, with an establishment of three male and three female servants. In his own house he was hospitable and kind, and on proper occasions he gave splendid entertainments, though without ostentation or vanity. His own diet was frugal, and his dress was always simple; but on one occasion, when he opposed the Hon. Mr. Annesley, in 1705, as a candidate for the University, he is said to have put on a suit of laced clothes. His generosity and charity had no bounds, and he used to remark, that they who gave away nothing till they died, never gave at all. Though his wealth had become considerable by a prudent economy, yet he had always a contempt for money, and he spent a considerable part of his income in relieving the poor, in assisting his relations, and in encouraging ingenuity and learning. The sums which he gave to his relations at different times were enormous.—*Dr. Brewster's Life of Newton.*

MARIE ANTOINETTE.—The first time I saw her Majesty, after the unfortunate catastrophe of the Varennes journey, I found her getting out of bed; her features were not very much altered; but after the first kind words she uttered to me, she took off her cap, and desired me to observe the effect which grief had produced upon her hair. It became in one single night, as white as that of a woman of seventy. * * Her majesty shewed me a ring she had just had mounted for the Princess de Lamballe; it contained a lock of her whitened hair with the inscription—'Bleached by sorrow.'—*Mad. Campan's Memoirs of Marie Antoinette.*

THE POET SPENCER.—Spencer was steeped in romance. He was the prince of magicians, and held the keys which unlocked enchanted doors. All the fantastic illusions of the brain belonged to him—the dreamer's secret, the madman's visions, the poet's golden hopes. He threw a rainbow across the heaven of poetry at a time when all seemed dark and unpromising. He was the very genius of personification; and yet, his imagination was less exerted than his fancy. His spirit was idle, dreaming, and voluptuous. He seems as though he had slumbered through summer evenings, in caves or forest, by Mulla's stream, or the murmuring ocean. Giants and dwarfs, fairies and knights, and queens, rose up at the waving of his charming rod. There was no meagerness in his fancy, no poverty in his details. His invention was without limit. He drew up shape after shape, scene after scene, castle and lake, woods and caverns, monstrous anomalies and beautiful impossibilities, from the unfathomable depths of his mind. There is a prodigality and consciousness of wealth about his creations, which remind one of the dash and sweep of Rubens' pencil; but in other respects his genius differed materially from that of the celebrated Fleming. In coloring they are somewhat alike, and in the 'Masque of Cupid' some of the figures even claim an affinity to the artist's shapes. But, generally speaking, Spencer was more ethereal and refined. Rubens was a decided painter of flesh and blood. He belonged to earth, and should never have aspired to heaven. His men were, indeed, sometimes chivalrous and intellectual, (his beasts were grand and matchless!) but his women were essentially of clay, and of a very homely fashion. Spencer sketched with more precision, and infinitely more delicacy. He had not the flash and fever of coloring which lighted up the productions of the other; but his genius was more spiritualized, his fancy traversed a loftier eminence, and loved to wander in remoter haunts. The brain of the one was like an ocean, casting up at a single effort the most common and extraordinary shapes; while the poet had a wilderness of fancy, from whose silent glades and haunted depths stole forth the airiest fictions of romance. The nymphs of Spencer are decidedly different from those of the painter; and his sylphs have neither the hideous looks of Poussin's carnal satyrs, nor that vinous spirit which flushes and gives life to the reeling Bacchanals of Rubens.—*Edinburgh Review.*

TURKISH WOMEN.—However high their rank, they can neither read nor write. Dr. Clarke's account of the ladies writing in the Imperial Seraglio is erroneous. Most probably the papers he found in their apartments were written by the black eunuchs. Read-

ing and writing form no part of the education of a woman of fashion in Turkey. In all my travels I only met one woman who could read and write, and that was in Damietta; she was a Levantine Christian, and her peculiar talent was considered something superhuman.—*Dr. Madden's Travels.*

HAPPINESS ARISING FROM THE ATTAINMENT OF KNOWLEDGE.—It is a fine thing to know that which is unknown to others; it is still more dignified to remember that we have gained it by our own energies. The struggle after knowledge too is full of delight. The intellectual chase, not less than the material one, brings fresh vigor to our pulses, and infinite palpitations of strange and sweet suspense. The idea that is gained with effort affords far greater satisfaction than that which is acquired with dangerous facility. We dwell with more fondness on the perfume of the flower that we have ourselves tended, than on the odour which we cull with carelessness, and cast away without remorse. The strength and sweetness of our knowledge depend upon the impression which it makes upon our minds. It is the liveliness of the ideas that it affords which renders research so fascinating; so that a trifling fact or deduction, when discovered, or worked out, by our brain, affords us infinitely greater pleasure than a more important truth obtained by the exertions of another.

Perseverance.—"I recollect," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "in Queen's county, to have seen a Mr. Clerk, who had been a working carpenter, and when making a bench for the session justices at the court house, was laughed at for taking peculiar pains in planing and smoothing the seat of it. He smilingly observed, that he did so to make it easy for himself, as he was resolved he would never die till he had a right to sit thereupon and he kept his word. He was an industrious man—honest, respectable, and kind hearted. He succeeded in all his efforts to accumulate an independence; he did accumulate it, and uprightly. His character kept pace with the increase of his property, and he lived to sit as a magistrate on that very bench that he sawed and planed."

Mr. Editor.—In looking into an old work of 1796, I found a list of "Vulgar errors" which seemed to me to be as prevalent now as in the reign of George the Third—in Syracuse as in London. They are a sort of *Pseudoxia Epidemica*; and I send you them, having ventured to intersperse a few of my own:—

A fine coat discovers the gentleman.
A red coat, the soldier.
A light pair of breeches, a fellow of ease.
An eye glass, a short-sighted man.
A cabinet of rarities, a Naturalist.
A large library, a good scholar.
A good table, a man of hospitality.
A phæton, a man of fortune.
A black coat, a minister of God's word.
An office, a man of merit.
A stare in public, a man of great acquaintance.
A bluntness of manner, an openness of mind.
A short memory, deep reflection.
The want of judgment, a man of genius.
A knack at versifying, a good poet.
A good preacher, a good sermon-maker.
An open purse, a man of charity.
A volubility, a man of eloquence.
Taciturnity, a contemplative man.
Infidelity, a philosopher.
Discontentedness, a patriot.
Duels, a man of honor.
A couple of bottles, a man of strong heart.
An humble speaker, a modest man.
A good joker, a good companion.
A good soaker, a jolly fellow.
A horse laugh, a pleasant fellow.
A man of sentiment, a man of virtue.

Syracuse Argus.

A *stoge-struck* tailor.—A short time since a tailor's apprentice was "strutting and tretting his hour upon the stage" of Pym's private theatre, in Gray's Inn lane, in the character of Macbeth, and having exclaimed "I have done the deed!" his master, a respectable tradesman in Oxford-street, standing up in the pit, called out to his hopeful apprentice, "That's not true; you haven't murdered Mr. Greene's small clothes, and curse me if you shan't catch it! Done the deed, indeed! why, you haven't done a stitch of work for the last three days!"

A *Fog-g* Wanted.—We see the nearest relatives of Mr. William Fogg are advertised and invited to come forward. A gentleman remarked, it was 'curious that a Fogg should be wanted.' 'Not at all,' remarked Sam Rogers, 'in a case like this, it is but natural to suppose that the nearest kin of a Fogg would be mist (missed).'

MISCELLANY.

THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

From Crocker's Legends.

Killarney! all hail to thee, land of the mountain,
Where roves the red deer o'er a hundred hill tops,
Or silently views, from the depth of the fountain,
His image reflected at eve when he stops.

Where the monarch of birds, from his throne on the rock,
Ere he soars, 'mid the storm, sends his wild scream afar;
Where the waterfall rushes with fierce foamy shock,
And echo redoubles the sound of its war.

O, who has not heard of thee, land of the lake?
And who that has seen, but enshrines in his heart
The glow of thy charms, and those feelings which wake
At a scene such as this, with a magical start.

The rush of thy torrents are sweet to my ear,
Thy lakes and their wooded isles dear to my sight,
Thy mountains majestic, thy rivulets clear,
Alternately flowing 'mid shadows and light.

Thy wide-spreading woods, yonder mountain's green
pall,
The mellow-toned bugle, the dip of the ear,
Sweet sights and sweet sounds, on my spirits ye fall,
And wake me to gladness and music once more.

THE MONKS OF OLD.

By G. P. R. James, Esq.

I envy them—those monks of old,
Their books they read, and their heads they told,
To human softness dead and cold,
And all life's vanity.

They dwelt like shadows on the earth,
Free from the penalties of birth,
Nor let one feeling venture forth,
But charity.

I envy them: their cloistered hearts
Knew not the bitter pang that parts
Beings that all affection's arts
Had linked in unity.

The tomb to them was not a place
To drown the best loved of their race,
And blot out each sweet memory's trace
In dull obscurity.

To them it was the calmest bed
That rests the aching human head;
They looked with envy on the dead,
And not with agony.

No bonds they felt, no ties they broke,
No music of the heart they woke,
When one brief moment it had spoke,
To lose it suddenly.

Peaceful they lived,—peaceful they died;
And those that did their fate abide
Saw brothers wither by their side
In all tranquillity.

They loved not, dreamed not,—for their sphere
Held not joy's visions; but the tear
Of broken hope, of anxious fear,
Was not their misery.

I envy them, those monks of old,
And when their statues I behold,
Carved in the marble, calm and cold—
How true an effigy!

I wish my heart as calm and still
To beams that fleet, and blasts that chill,
And paings that pay joy's spendthrift ill
With bitter usury.

From the Atlas.

COUNSELLOR CONAGHTY AND THE
LOOKING-GLASS.

Since the days of the distinguished Baron Munchausen, we do not remember an author whose narratives have been enriched with more surpassing and surprising statements than those of Sir Jonah Barrington. After a long interval, we are gratified to be able to announce the appearance of a third volume of his "Personal Sketches"; and for the refreshment of the readers of the Atlas proceed to make some extracts. There is no reason to think that the stories are exaggerated on the well known principle—*visus acquiri eundo*—for they do not come to us as traditional legends, but as Sir Jonah's "personal sketches of his own times."

"Mr. Conaghty was a barrister of about six feet two inches in length; his breadth was about three feet across the shoulders; his hands splay, with arms in full proportion to the rest of his members. He possessed, indeed, a set of limbs that would not have disgraced a sucking elephant; and his body appeared as up two-thirds of its length, as if Nature had originally intended (which is not very improbable) to have made twins of him, but finding his brains would not answer for two, relinquished her design. His complexion, not a disagreeable fawn-colour, was spotted by two good black eyes, well intrenched in his head, and guarded by a thick *chereux de frise* of curly eyebrows. His mouth, which did not certainly extend like a John-dory's, from ear to ear, was yet of sufficient width to disclose between thirty and forty long strong, whitish tusks, the various heights and distances whereof gave a pleasing variety to that feature. Though his tall countenance was terminated by chin which might, upon a pinch, have had an interview with his stomach, still there was quite enough of him between the chin and the waistband to admit space for a waistcoat, without the least difficulty. Conaghty, in point of disposition, was a quiet, well tempered, and, I believe, totally irreproachable person. He was not unacquainted with the superficialities of law, nor was he without professional business. Nobody, in fact, disliked him, and he disliked nobody. In na-

tional idiom, and Emerald brogue, he unquestionably excelled (save one) all his contemporaries. Dialogues sometimes occurred in court between him and Lord Avonmore, the chief baron, which were truly ludicrous. The most unfortunate thing, however, about poor Conaghty was his utter contempt for what fastidious folks call dress. As he scorned both garters and suspenders, his stockings and small-clothes enjoyed the full blessings of liberty. A well-twisted cravat, as if it feared to be mistaken for a cord, kept a most respectful distance from his honest throat, upon which the neighbouring beard flourished in full crops, to fill up the interstice. His rusty black coat, well trimmed with peeping button-moulds, left him, altogether, one of the most tremendous figures I ever saw of his own profession. At length it pleased the counsellor, or old Nick on his behalf, to look out for a wife; and, as dreams go by contraries, so Conaghty's perverse vision of matrimonial happiness induced him to select a *sposa* very excellent internally, but in her exterior as much the reverse of himself as any two of the same species could be. Madam Conaghty was (and I dare say still is) a neat, pretty, dainty little person; her head reached nearly up to her spouse's hip; and if he had stood wide, to let her pass, she might (without much stooping) have walked under him as through a triumphal arch. He was quite delighted with his captivating fairy, and she equally so with her good-natured giant. Nothing could promise better for twenty or thirty years of honey-moons, when an extraordinary and most unexpected fatality demonstrated the uncertainty of all sublunary enjoyments, and might teach ladies who have lost their beauty, the dangers of a looking-glass. The counsellor had taken a small house, and desired his dear little Mary to furnish it to her own dear little taste. This, as new-married ladies usually do, she set about with the greatest zeal and assiduity. She had a proper taste for things in general, and was, besides, extremely anxious to make her giant somewhat smarter; and, as he had seldom in his life had any intercourse with looking-glasses larger than necessary just to reflect his chin whilst shaving, she determined to place a grand mirror in her little drawing-room, extensive enough to exhibit the counsellor to himself from head to foot; and which, by reflecting his loose, shabby habiliments and tremendous contour, might induce him to trim himself up. This plan was extremely promising in the eyes of little Mary; and she had no doubt it would be entirely consonant with her husband's own desire of Mrs. Conaghty's little drawing-room being the nicest in the neighbourhood. She accordingly purchased in Great George-street, at a very large price, a looking-glass of sufficient dimensions, and it was a far larger one than the counsellor had ever before noticed. When this fatal reflector was brought home, it was placed leaning against the wall in the still unfurnished drawing-room; and the lady, having determined at once to surprise and reform her dear giant, did not tell him of the circumstance. The ill-fated counsellor, wandering about his new house—as people often do toward the close of the evening—that interregnum between sun, moon, and candlelight, when shadows are deep, and figures seem lengthened—suddenly entered the room where the glass was deposited. Unconscious of the presence of the immense reflector, he beheld, in the gloom, a monstrous and frightful Caliban, wild, loose, and shaggy, standing close and direct before him; and, as he raised his own gigantic arms in a paroxysm of involuntary horror, the goblin exactly followed his example, lifting its tremendous fists, as if with a fixed determination to fell the counsellor, and extinguish him for ever. Conaghty's imagination was excited to its utmost pitch. Though the spectre appeared larger than any d—l on authentic record, he had no doubt it was a genuine demon sent express to destroy his happiness and carry him to Beelzebub. As his apprehensions augmented, his pores sent out their icy perspiration; he tottered—the fiend too was in motion; his hair bristled up, as it were, like pikes to defend his head. At length his blood recoiled, his eyes grew dim, his pulse ceased, his long limbs quivered—failed; and down came poor Conaghty with a loud shriek and a tremendous crash. His beloved bride, running up alarmed by the noise, found the counsellor as inanimate as the boards he lay on. A surgeon was sent for, and phlebotomy was resorted to as for apoplexy, which the seizure was pronounced to be. His head was shaved; and by the time he revived a little, he had three extensive blisters and a cataplasm preparing their stings for him. It was two days before he recovered sufficiently to tell his Mary of the horrid spectre that had assailed him—for he really thought he had been felled to the ground by a blow from the goblin. Nothing, indeed, could ever persuade him to the contrary, and he grew quite delirious. His reason returned slowly and scantily; and when assured it was only a looking-glass that was the cause of his terror, the assurance did not alter his belief. He pertinaciously maintained that this was only a kind story invented to tranquillize him. 'Oh, my dearest Mary!' said poor Conaghty, 'I'm gone!—my day is come—I'm called away forever. Oh! had you seen the frightful figure that struck me down, you could not have survived it one hour. Yet why should I fear the d—l? I'm not wicked, Mary! No; I'm not very wicked!' A thorough Irish servant, an old fellow whom the counsellor had brought from Connaught, and who of course was well acquainted with supernatural appearances, and had not himself seen the fatal mirror, discovered, as he thought, the real cause of the goblin's visit, which he communicated to his mistress

with great solemnity, as she afterwards related. 'Mistress,' said the faithful Dennis Brophy, 'mistress, it was all a mistake. By all the books in the master's study, I'd swear it was only a mistake! What harm did ever my master do nobody! and what would bring a d—l overhauling a counsellor that did no harm? What say could he have to my master?' 'Don't tease me, Dennis,' said the unhappy Mary; 'go along!—go!' 'I'll tell you, mistress,' said he; 'it was a d—l sure enough that was in it! Hush! nonsense!' said his mistress. 'By —! it was the d—l, or one of his gossosons,' persisted Dennis; 'but he mistook the house, mistress, and that's the truth of it!' 'What do you mean?' said the mistress. 'Why, I mean that you know Mr. — lives on one side of us, and Mr. — lives at the other side, and they are both attorneys, and the people say they'll both go to him; and so the d—l, or his gossoson, mistook the door, and you see he went off again when he found it was my master that was in it, and not an attorney, mistress.' All efforts to convince Conaghty he was mistaken were vain. The illusion could not be removed from his mind; he had received a shock which affected his whole frame; and in three weeks the poor fellow manifested the effects of groundless horror in a way which every one regretted.

THE WALKING GALLOWES.

At the period alluded to, law being suspended, and the courts of justice closed, the 'question' by torture was raised and largely practised. The commercial exchange of Dublin formed a place of execution; even suspected rebels were every day immolated as if convicted on the clearest evidence; and Lieut. H—'s pastime of hanging on his own back persons whose physiognomies he thought characteristic of rebellion was (I am ashamed to say) the subject of jocularity instead of punishment. What, in other times, he would himself have died for, as a murderer, was laughed at as the manifestation of loyalty: never yet was martial law so abused, or its enormities so hushed up as in Ireland. Being a military officer, the lieutenant conceived he had a right to do just what he thought proper, and to make the most of his time while martial law was flourishing. Once, when high in blood, he happened to meet a suspicious-looking peasant from county Kildare, who could not satisfactorily account for himself according to the lieutenant's notion of evidence; and having nobody at hand to vouch for him, the lieutenant of course immediately took for granted that he must be a rebel strolling about, and imagining the death of his most gracious majesty. He therefore, no other court of justice being at hand, considered that he had a right to try the man by his own opinion; accordingly, after a brief interrogation, he condemned him to die, and without further ceremony proceeded to put his own sentence into immediate execution. However, to do the lieutenant justice, his mode was not near so tedious or painful as that practised by the Grand Seigneur, who sometimes causes the ceremony to be divided into three acts, giving the culprit a drink of spring water to refresh him between the two first; nor was it so severe as the turning old women formerly for witchcraft. In fact, the 'walking gallows' was both on a new and simple plan; and after some kicking and plunging during the operation, never failed to be completely effectual. The lieutenant being, as before mentioned, of lofty stature, with broad and strong shoulders, saw no reason why they might not answer his majesty's service, upon a pinch, as well as two posts and a cross bar (the more legitimate instrument upon such occasions); and he also considered that, when a rope was not at hand, there was no good reason why his own silk cravat (being softer than an ordinary halter, and of course less calculated to hurt a man) should not be a more merciful choke-band than that employed by any Jack Ketch in the three kingdoms. In pursuance of these benevolent intentions, the lieutenant, as a preliminary step, first knocked down the suspected rebel from county Kildare, which the weight of metal in his fist rendered no difficult achievement. His garters then did duty as handcuffs; and with the aid of a brawny aide-de-camp (one such always attended him), he pinned his victim hand and foot, and then most considerably advised him to pray for King George, observing that any prayers for his own — popish soul would be only time lost, as his fate in every world (should there be even a thousand) was decided to all eternity for having imagined the death of so good a monarch. During this exhortation, the lieutenant twisted up his long cravat so as to make a firm, hand-some rope, and then expertly sliding it over the rebel's neck, secured it there by a double knot, drew the cravat over his own shoulders, the aide-de-camp holding up the rebel's heels, till he felt him pretty easy, the lieutenant with a powerful chuck drew up the poor devil's head as high as his own (check by jowl), and began to trot about with his burden like a jolting cart-horse,—the rebel choking and gulping meanwhile, until he had no further solitude about sublimity affairs—when the lieutenant, giving him a parting chuck just to make sure that his neck was broken, threw down his load—the personal assets about which, the aide-de-camp made a present of to himself. [!] Now, all this proceeding was very pains-taking and ingenious; and yet the ungrateful government (as Secretary Cook assured me) would have been better pleased had the execution taken place on timber and with hemp, according to old formalities. To be serious. This story is scarcely credible, yet it is a notorious fact; and the lieutenant, a few nights afterward, acquired the sobriquet which forms a head to this sketch, and with which

he was invested by the upper gallery of Crow street Theatre; nor did he ever get rid of it to his dying day. The above trotting execution (which was humorously related to me by an eye-witness) took place in the back-yard at Kerry House, Stephen's Green. The hangee was, I believe (as it happened), in reality a rebel."

AN IRISH CARDING MACHINE!

Carding the tithe proctors (who certainly were the genuine tyrants of Ireland) was occasionally resorted to by the White Boys, and was performed in the following manner. The tithe proctor was generally waked out of his first sleep by his door being smashed in; and the boys in white shirts desired him 'never to fear,' as they only intended to card him this bout for taking a quarter instead of a tenth from every poor man in the parish. They then turned him on his face upon the bed; and taking a lively ram cut out of a bag which they brought with them, they set the cat between the proctor's shoulders. The beast, being nearly as much terrified as the proctor, would endeavour to get off; but being held fast by the tail, he intrenched every claw deep in the proctor's back, in order to keep up a firm resistance to the White Boys. The more the tail was pulled back, the more the ram cat tried to go forward; at length, when he had, as he conceived, made his possession quite secure, main force convinced him to the contrary, and that if he kept his hold, he must lose his tail. So, he was dragged backward to the proctor's loins, grappling at every pull, and bringing away, here and there, strips of the proctor's skin, to prove the pertinacity of his defence. When the ram cat had got down to the loins, he was once more placed at the shoulders, and again carded the proctor (*italic quotes*) according to his sentence.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

The arrival of this gentleman at New York, from London, a few days since, has already been announced. We observe that the National Intelligencer, as well as other papers, in stating the above fact, mentioned Mr. Payne as being a native of Boston, which is not a fact. As Bostonians we should be very glad to claim him as a townsman, if this were indeed the case. But he was born upon Long Island, in the state of New York, whence his parents removed to Boston, about the year 1796 or 97. His father, William Payne, was a celebrated school master—now well remembered by many in this city. In fact the impress of his excellent discipline was of various duration—that upon the back remaining for a week or so, while that upon the mind has proved indelible. Well do we remember the hard thoughts that occupied our juvenile minds; and if we live to be a man, old vinegar faces—back out—and ideas similar to this. But when we had arrived at man's estate, we could find no words to thank him for it. His son John, our junior perhaps by a year or two, was a smart, active, intelligent lad—who soon contrived to leave us in the rear, in most of the school exercises; of course he must have been a boy of considerable parts, and those were soon evinced in a talent for recitation—more particularly for dramatic recitation. Shortly after this a medal was awarded him in this respect, but whether of gold, silver or leather, our memory is not tenacious. Be this as it may, it served as a spur to prick the sides of his intent,—and he soon outstripped all his competitors. In the course of a year or two a Lilliputian dramatic corps was established in his father's old wooden school house, in Sister street, where John soon strutted as Hamlet both of Sock and Buskin, and where ourselves, if we remember right, shortly after attained the distinguished place of candle snuffer. Matters jogged on in this way until about the year 1808 or 9—when our hero, who by the bye had kept his eye continually fixed on theatrical preferment, made his first appearance as we believe at the Park Theatre in New York, in the character of Young Norval. He met with a most flattering reception, and soon ran through a number of favorite characters, such as Selim, Tancréd, Octavius, Hamlet, Frederick, and Romeo, with distinguished applause. He next visited Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Charleston, winning "golden opinions" wherever he went. Shortly after, he established a reading room in New York, and at the same time contributed largely to the various periodicals of the day, one or two of which he for a short time edited himself. He is a good scholar, writes correctly and with good taste, both prose and verse, and possesses an active and lively imagination.

The following elegant lines were written by him when about eighteen years of age; they display a poetic fancy and facility of versification, which we should like to see further cultivated and improved; they were addressed to a beautiful young lady, whose name was Mayo.

Last night, while restless on my bed,
I languish'd for the dawn of morrow;
Soft slumber sooth'd my aching head,
And hush'd in fairy dreams, my sorrow.

I stood in that serene retreat,
Which smiles in spite of stormy weather,
Where flowers and virtues clust'ring meet,
And cheeks and roses blush together.

When soon, twelve sylph-like forms, I dream'd
Successive on my vision darted;

And still the latest comers seem'd
Fairer than she who just departed.
Yet one there was, whose azure eye,
A melting, holy lustre lighted;
Which censur'd while it wak'd the sigh,
And chid the feelings it excited.

"Mortal!" (a mystic speaker said)
"In these the sister months discover;
Select from these the brightest maid!
"Prove to the brightest maid a lover."

I heard—and felt no longer free—
From all the rest I gladly sever;
And in perennial joy, with thee,
Dear May—O! could reside forever!

We had almost forgotten one circumstance, which may be well worth mentioning. When Master Payne was about 12 or 14 years of age, he commanded a company of artillery, consisting of from 25 to 30 men, in buckram suits, and armed with a couple of small brass field-pieces, and tin swords. John, however, had contrived to possess himself of a real Toledo, almost as long as himself, which had a vile trick of getting between his legs and tripping up his dignity. Now he by no means relished this—although he was proud of his sword, in the use of which he was uncommonly dexterous, and he would sometimes indulge himself in comparison between his own trusty blade and the inferior ones of his subalterns, by no means to the advantage of the latter. One afternoon as his orderly sergeant and another officer were brandishing their weapons round their hands in a manner which their captain thought was rather too familiar, he called out to them as one having authority—"Keep up your tin swords, for the dew will rust them"—and drawing his own at the same time, he exclaimed, "Behold! I have a weapon—a better never did itself sustain upon a soldier's thigh." This was in Federal street, in front of the mansion house of the late Brig. Gen. Elliot, to whom he was paying a marching salute, and who was always wont to smile whenever he related the anecdote.

For the last twenty years Mr. Payne has resided in Europe—principally in London. He is the author of *Brutus* and other plays which have been received with distinguished approbation. He has also translated and dramatised several French plays of merit, which bid fair to keep possession of the stage for a long time. And like another distinguished New Yorker, he has contributed in no inconsiderable degree to soften down the asperities and prejudices entertained towards this country; and like him we hope he has now returned to pass the remainder of his days in his native land.—*Boston Gaz.*

SCENES IN MERCANTILE LIFE.

A London Journal has chosen as a subject, the vicissitudes to which those engaged in the pursuits of trade and commerce are exposed; and their consequent effects on that class of society. The illustrations of fictitious writings, it is observed, are not often applied to these scenes, though abundantly fruitful in elements of interest. The reasons for this exception do not so much apply to this country; and the author's present attempts will therefore be more apposite to the circumstances of our readers.—*Atlas.*

"The extremes of social life, the highest and the humblest, have absorbed somewhat too much of the attention of writers of fiction. Princes and shepherds; peacocks and beggar girls; leaders of ton and inmates of a prison, seem to have taken out a patent to supply tales and novels, if not poetry, with incidents and characters. Such a phrase as the romance of middle life, may sound strange, particularly as I mean really middle life; not that which, from the combined possession of wealth, taste and education, may be called aristocracy without rank; nor yet that which by an abundance of style and a superabundance of affection, calls itself fashionable, and fancies itself refined;—the fashion silver-gilt, the refinement varnish. I am not thinking either of a cottage ornee and a pony phaeton, or of a grave brick hall, architecture and date, the reign of Elizabeth; owner, a squire and magistrate;—I mean really middle life, and in a commercial town, and in a staid, reputable, but unattractive street in such town; the houses precisely of a level, their fronts affording a precise parallel of one door one window, one window one door; the intersecting plots of ground appropriated to clothes-drying; neither a thoroughfare nor a lurch; the houses merely to live in; the pavement merely a means to get from one point to another. Yet I venture to think, that such a street may be full of materials for poetry and fiction. There may be nothing winning, either for good or for bad, in such a locale; the daily lives of its inhabitants may at first sight appear as flat as Salisbury Plain; but if we had power to strip off the outer covering, the shrouding domino of common-places—could we find out the hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, and struggles, which are not mere appearances of the human condition, but which spring immediately from a peculiar modification of life and circumstances—could we pierce the surface, and do justice to the heart that suffers and endures, there would be no lack of incident, no deficiency of romance. The history of a few streets in a commercial town, might be more sombre than Miss Mitford's ever-pleasant 'Village,' because commercial life is subject to perpetual vicissitudes. 'To break or not to break,' is a reading that Hamlet's soliloquy daily un-

dergoes; and in the eyes of those who see the event in all its ramifications, a single case of bankruptcy is often no mean tragedy. Yet, who pauses over the *Gazette*? Let us take a case, so common that it hardly deserves to be singled out: let us fancy it occurring in one of the two rows of houses already described. The dwelling at present rather outshines its neighbours—has recently been 'beautified' for a new-married pair. The furniture is new, and not only smart, but good; and every time you catch a view of the green moreen window-curtains, with their amber fringe dependencies, you wish the future inhabitants happy. Some fine day the young couple arrives, after a week's holiday at some wedding-place in the neighbourhood. There is at first a little finery, a little visiting, a bright blue coat on the part of the husband, an attempt at a French hat on that of the lady; but very soon bridal show subsides, the young people intend to be prudent; he is head clerk in some establishment, on a salary of three hundred per ann.—has a good character—fell in love—saved money to furnish a house—furnished it, and is now married. So they go on, respected and respectably. After a few years, a desire to better himself arises on the part of the young man, he gives up his clerkship, enters into partnership with some one like-minded, and with a thousand pounds between them, sets up in business, which business, a returned bill or a bad debt, or the necessity of selling at the wrong time, or the incapacity of buying at the right, probably finishes up in eighteen months. He is again adrift in the world—he has no moneyed friends, but he has five children;—he advertises for a situation till his heart is sick, and his coat shabby; perhaps he is very fortunate, and obtains one at half his original salary; or perhaps he goes to America, or perhaps dies, and then his wife takes in sewing.

Let us look in at the inhabitants of the house opposite. To the parties last named, a similar residence was a rise in the world—to the present it is a descent, and what suggests many mournful thoughts to those who know what it often implies—it is their first. The gentleman was a leading merchant; a successful speculator; a commercial magnate, and, in addition to this, a man of taste and science; that he remains still, but his mercantile glory has departed from him. By some sudden crisis, by some over-bold speculation, or some one of the thousand 'short and easy' methods of being ruined, which exist in trade, the failure of the great house of Calico, Printwell, and Co. or of Eoards, Irldigo, and Brothers, is suddenly announced—drawing down, like a falling star, not a few lesser lights in its train. Our merchant's wife is, like many of her class, sensible, intelligent, and lady-like; the son has had a college education, and is just called to the bar—the loss of his father's property may to him be an ultimate advantage, forcing him to labor heartily and steadily after professional advancement. It is otherwise with the merchant's daughters; stylish, accomplished, luxuriously brought up, and four in number; to them the reverse is a thunder-stroke. Farewell now to the establishment that would not have disgraced a nobleman; farewell to hot-houses, gardens, grounds, carriages, routs, watering-places, and Parisian dalliance! 'Enjoyment's occupation's gone,' and poverty's is come. There is not the refuge of a jointure—the mother had fortune, but it was embarked in her husband's extending, and, at the time, prosperous concern; and, if any one asks what remains to the family, the only answer is—"A blank, my lord." However, what our poor clerk wanted, our fallen merchant has—connections and moneyed friends. Creditors, who are themselves commercial men, are by no means ungenerous, hard-hearted race; fraud or shameful extravagance may make them a little savage, but a straight forward, intelligible case of misfortune will rarely be severely dealt with. Our merchant, cautioned, perhaps against speculation and high living, is set up again in a small way: the family, with the plainest of their furniture, and two women servants, come to the plain residence in the plain street we set out with describing. This is not the worst that may, that often does happen; as yet the family 'dwell together in unity'; gay friends and gay pleasures are gone; eligible lovers are not rich in a family of portless daughters, and your true lover is generally in want of means himself—nevertheless, the family is not broken up, and if 'charity covers a multitude of sins,' social affection softens a multitude of annoyances. But in a year or two, when beginning to adapt themselves happily to mediocrity of circumstances, some fresh mischance happens in the way of trade; they are wrecked a second time, and the second gathering of fragments is smaller, and the second appearing of hope for the future is fainter far than the first. Severe misfortune is the true maker of heroes and heroines; the medium often brings out medium virtue. But, not to dilate on a digression, the two youngest daughters avow themselves 'in want of situations,' (oh! the intense wretchedness often hid in that phrase!) and the two eldest open a school at home. The father, now an uncertificated bankrupt, perhaps teaches the pupils writing, and the mother becomes household drudge;—or all the daughters go out governing, and the mother takes in boarders, and these efforts are made promptly, cheerfully, and without parade.

Let us look in at one more dwelling in the same street. It is a boarding-house for clerks; from these let us single out one. He was the cadet of a good Scotch family; but good Scotch families are often large; and after drafting off two or three to India, a sufficiency remained for law, physic, divinity, and trade. Colin, the youngest, after being kept too long

both at home and at school, to please a sickly mother, came, after her death, urgently recommended to a leading mercantile house, and on the strength of such recommendation, was esteemed fortunate in falling heir to a tall stool, seventy pounds a year, and occupation from twelve to fourteen hours a-day. And as times go, and youths prosper, he was fortunate; the interest of the case lies not in any hardship of circumstances, except as opposed by the moulding of his character. As Caleb Balderstone said, that Mysie's 'savory dishes were no just common sant herring,' so say we of Colin. Trade is a beautiful pursuit for all who have a genius for it; that is, for those who have set their hearts on acquiring a capital to embark in it. Politics can hardly be more exciting than trade to a person who has true commercial ambition. Literature contains not more poetry than trade, to one who has true mercantile sensibility—to whom bargains and bargain-making are the true meat, drink, washing and lodging of life. But the glories of a dingy warehouse, surmounted with blue board and gold letters, shine afar off to a junior clerk, and the youngest of nine sons; and Colin would have had no love of such glories, even had he been head of the most famous firm for the manufacture of dainty quiltings, and eldest of his eight brothers. He had a delicate body and a dreamy delicate mind; would have lived delightedly as a minister on fifty pounds a year in his native glen, aiding his stipend by his fishing-rod, finding companions in his books, sympathy in his flute, and happiness in his duties. He was an instance of the cruelty of stimulating the sensibility of a boy who must fight his way in the world, and of the short-sightedness of attempting to make a timid, tender, studious lad, a good tradesman. It would have been kinder to have buried him, ay, even before death. However, to the mart he came, young, strange, and solitary; was installed in his situation; found lodgings; was thankful for any body's notice; never hinted that he was wretched, and strove hard to comprehend business. The establishment was immense, and he felt himself a cypher in it; a cypher in the town, among his species, in the world—a cypher everywhere. Unlike many youths who have set out in life with tempers equally shy, he did not by contact with busy life, gain courage or independence; he did, not by observing the alternations of success and vicissitude become ambitious. The old lady with whom he boarded loved him for his quiet, orderly habits, his gentle manners, and (for mortality is frail) his small appetite and contentedness with her not very strong tea. He made no friendships; those who lodged under the same roof with him boarded themselves; they had longer purses, greater spirits, and coarser tastes. He heard from home seldom, for he had no sisters; his mother, whose pet he had been, was dead; his brothers were toiling hard at their appointed avocations; postage was expensive, and his father thought Colin in the highway to happiness, alms, getting on in the world; so that a letter once a quarter, with a page of family news, and a codicil of good advice, was the average of his receipts per post. Partly pride, and partly conscientiousness, sealed his lips from murmuring; he did his best and bore up his best; but the change of life from the pure atmosphere of the country, and the yet more genial one of affection, in less than a year wrote its effects on a frame naturally fragile. The smoke, the noise, the occupied air of all around him, was a perpetual weariness to his spirits. The quantity of occupation required from him had always taxed his strength to the utmost; by degrees he became physically incapable of it, and at last was laid up. The catastrophe need occupy but a few lines, as few as the poor boy's epitaph; nursing and tears on the part of his attendant, a summons to his father—instantly obeyed—a physician called in to write one prescription and declare medicine useless, his funeral over, his little debts paid, his father gone home, 'To Let,' in the window of his room, seventy applicants for his clerkship, and all in ten brief days!

IMPARTIALITY OF THE LAW.

Theoretically every man knows that the law is no respecter of persons, and the principle commends itself to every man's approval. But, like many good principles, it is not universally confirmed by practice. An observant wise man of antiquity compared the laws to cobwebs which caught the small flies, while the large ones broke through them. Most parts of the world have afforded some justification for the remark. How pleasant then must be the contrast furnished by such an illustration of the supremacy of the impartial principle as is afforded in the record subjoined. It is the more acceptable as coming from a region eminently subjected to the caprices of arbitrary power. We obtain the story from the literary notices attached to *David's Turkish Grammar*, lately published in England.—*ib.*

"Mohammed II. being, like Jem, a very passionate monarch, severely rebuked his architect for not having built his mosque of the same height as Aya Sofyah; and for having cut down the columns, which were each worth the whole tribute of Rum (Asia Minor). The architect excused himself by saying, that he had reduced the two columns three cubits each, in order to give his building more solidity and strength against the earthquakes so common in Islamol; and had thus made the mosque lower than Aya Sofyah. The emperor, not satisfied with this excuse, ordered the architect's hands to be cut off; which was done accordingly. On the following day the architect ap-

[* Qy.—Islamol, Constantinople.—Ed. Atlas.]

peared with his family before the tribunal of the kazi, styled Islamol Mollasi, to lay his complaint against the emperor, and appeal to the sentence of the law. The judge immediately sent his officer to cite the emperor to appear in court. The conqueror, on receiving this summons, said: 'The command of the prophet's law must be obeyed!' and putting on his mantle, and thrusting a mace into his belt, went into the court of law. After having given the salam aleik, he was about to seat himself in the highest place, when the kazi said: 'Sit not down, O Prince! but stand on thy feet, together with thine adversary, who has made an appeal to the law.' The architect then made his complaint: 'My lord, I am a perfect master builder, and a skilful mathematician; but this man, because I made his mosque low, and cut down two of his columns, has cut off my two hands; which has ruined me, and deprived me of the means of supporting my family: it is thy part to pronounce the sentence of the noble law.' The judge upon this thus addressed the emperor: 'What sayest thou, prince? Have you caused this man's hands to be cut off innocently? The emperor immediately replied: 'By heaven, my lord! this man lowered my mosque; and for having reduced two columns of mine, each worth the produce of Misr (Egypt), thus robbing my mosque of all renown, by making it so low, I did cut off his hands: it is for thee to pronounce the sentence of the noble law.' The kazi answered: 'Prince, renown is a misfortune! If a mosque be upon a plain, and low and open, worship in it is not thereby prevented. If each column had been a precious stone, its value would have been only that of a stone; but the hands of this man, which have enabled him for these forty years to subsist by his skilful workmanship, you have illegally cut off: he can henceforth do no more than attend to his domestic affairs. The maintenance of him and his numerous family necessarily, by law, falls upon thee. What sayest thou, prince?' Sultan Mohammed answered: 'Thou must pronounce the sentence of the law.' 'This is the legal sentence,' replied the kazi: 'If the architect requires the law to be strictly enforced, your hands must be cut off: for if a man do an illegal act which the noble law doth not allow, that law decrees that he shall be requited according to his deeds.' The sultan then offered to grant him a pension from the public treasury of the Mussulmans. 'No!' replied the Molla; 'it is not lawful to take this from the public treasury: the offence was yours: my sentence therefore is, that from your own private purse you allow this maimed man ten akchahs a-day.' 'It is well!' said the conqueror, 'let it be twenty akchahs a-day; but let the cutting off his hands be legalized.' The architect, in the contentment of his heart, exclaimed, 'Be it accounted lawful in this world and the next!' and having received a patent for his pension, withdrew. Sultan Mohammed also received a certificate of his entire acquittal. The kazi then apologised for having treated him as an ordinary sutor; pleading the impartiality of law, which requires justice to be administered to all without distinction, and entreating the emperor to seat himself on the sacred carpet. 'Effendi,' said Sultan Mohammed, angrily, 'if thou hadst shewn favour to me, saying to thyself, 'This is the sultan,' and hadst wronged the architect, I would have broken thee in pieces with this mace,' at the same time drawing it out from under the skirt of his robe. 'And if thou, prince,' said the kazi, hadst refused to obey the legal sentence pronounced by me, thou wouldst have fallen a victim to divine vengeance; for I should have delivered thee up to be destroyed by the dragon beneath this carpet.' On saying which, he lifted up his carpet, and an enormous dragon put forth its head, vomiting fire from its mouth: 'Be still,' said the kazi, and again laid the carpet smooth; on which the sultan kissed his noble hands, wished him good day, and returned to his palace."

The Papyro Museum.—Among the spectacles now on foot in London, we have been highly gratified by a sight of a Liliupitan performance under the above name. It consists of eighty groups of figures of every class, and in all varieties of occupation, about two inches in height. The figures are admirably executed in paper, and as remarkable for character, expression, and propriety of costume, as the largest and most elaborate works. We observe from the catalogue that two young ladies have completed the whole of this curious design; and, with a benevolence equal to their ingenuity and talents, have devoted the profits of the exhibition, and ultimately the sale of the museum, to the endowment of a charity, Queen Adelaide's, at Southampton, for the relief of decayed individuals of respectability.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Model of a Copper-Mine.—We have this week been much gratified by the inspection of the model of a copper-mine near Tavistock, now exhibiting at Exeter Hall. It is a very complete thing, and represents every part of the process of mining the copper ore in a way to render it quite familiar to the spectator. The machine is about twelve feet in length, six in breadth, and as much in depth, and formed of wood and metal. The whole of the movements are caused, as in the original, by the action of water on wheels, which impel various cranks, whims, windlasses, rollers, mills, &c. &c. and shew the operations of excavating the earth, drawing up and crushing the ore, carrying off the water, and effecting all the complicated purposes of a mine in full work. The shafts, levels, and adits, are also laid open by a section of the interior, and the workmen are seen at their several labours.—

This ingenious performance has been constructed by a miner and his father, by the labour of two years; but it seems well deserving of the toil, and we recommend a visit to it, not only of scientific persons, and those who wish to reward well-applied skill and industry, but also to the young, to whose minds it will convey a more perfect idea of the important operations of mining than the best descriptions they could read, accompanied by plates, or even by descending into a real mine.—*ib.*

How to have a clear conscience.—A person being dangerously ill, was visited by a clergyman, who perceiving the poor fellow give way to despondency, kindly inquired if any very heinous sin lay heavy on his heart. The sick man replied with a sigh, that he had been guilty of a grievous sin, but its magnitude was so great he was almost afraid to name it. The clergyman asked him if he had been an unkind husband? No. A tyrannical father? No. A treacherous friend? No, but I have done a great deal worse than either. "Have you violated any of the commandments?" "No, I believe not, but alas!" blubbered out the despairing invalid, "I have taken a newspaper two years, and neglected to pay for it!"—*Exeter News Letter.*

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 25, 1832.

THE BERKSHIRE GOLD-FINDER.

There appeared one morning, at the Berkshire Lyceum, a very curious specimen of humanity. He seemed to be a man of some five-and-twenty, and was six feet high, standing on his bare soles, for shoes he had none. He was gaunt and slender, and his arms and legs composed the greater part of him. His hair, which was long and blowsy, was naturally of a sorrel color, and still retained that hue near the roots, but was faded almost white at a distance from his head. His beard, which had been unevenly clipped with the scissors, was somewhat of the same shade. His nose was short, his chin was long, his mouth was wide, and his teeth were snagged. His dress was linsey-woolsey, originally dyed of a butternut color, and seemed to have belonged to his father. The skirts of his coat came midway to his calf, while the lapels only reached half way to the bottom of his waistcoat. His pantaloons seemed to be retreating up his legs, his vest was without any collar, his shirt was woollen, and his neck was bare. Such was the general appearance of the man, and such were his habiliments. He was a native of one of the mountain towns in the west part of Berkshire, and had come to the Lyceum, bright and early, on a very important errand.

"Whereabouts," said he, addressing one of the students, "is the head man hereabouts?"

"Whom do you mean?" said the student.

"Why, the headmost man here among you," returned the stranger, "what is't you call him there—the confessor?"

"The professor, you probably mean," said the student.

"Exactly so," returned the native. "I've got a thing I want to show him."

"What sort of a thing?"

"That's what I've come to ax about. I've got it in my pocket; but I don't trust every body with the secret, not by a darned sight. It's worth a fortune any day. Why, there ain't none of your rocks nor stones here—staring about upon the minerals in the cabinet—that's any touch to it."

"No? And yet we have some valuable specimens here."

"Do you call these valleyable? Why, if you was only to see what I've got in my coat pocket, I guess you'd open your eyes."

The student now began to feel a great curiosity about the secret of the stranger's pocket—especially as that skirt of his coat, where he indicated the pocket to be, hung down considerably lower than the other, as if burdened with some precious weight, which possibly might turn out to be gold. He therefore pressed the gawk for a sight of it.

"Well," returned the fellow, "seem it's you, I don't care if I let you have a glimpse at it. But you mustn't tell nobody. I've never showed it to no livin' critter, but dad and mother, and sister Bets, and two or three of the neighbors."

The student promised to act with all due discretion, declaring the secret would be as safe with him, as if entrusted to the keeping of the whole world. Whereupon the stranger, no longer hesitating, stooped to one side a little, and thrusting his hand into his coat pocket, brought to view a clever-sized stone, of a yellowish appearance, mixed with red and grey, and which the student presently perceived was composed partly of iron.

"There!" exclaimed the native, as he showed the specimen, "what do you think of that, ha?"

"That's wonderful! upon my word," said the student, affecting to start with admiration.

"Isn't it now?" said the gawk; "did you ever see the like of that before? ha! How yaller it is. Don't you think that's the real stuff?"

"No doubt of it."

"So I told our folks. Says I, I'll lay my head against a noggin of cider, that bit of a stone is nearly all pure gold. They laffed at me. Well, says I, you may laff as much as you please. By and by, you'll tell another guess story; and then them may laff that wins. So I put it in my pocket, and off I comes this mornin', bright and airy, to see the confessor here, who, they say, knows the name of every rock and stone in Berkshire, to say nothin' of those in Hancock, and New Lebanon, and them out-of-the-way towns. But when shall I see the confessor? I'm all-fired in the notion of makin' my fortune now; and when that's done, you won't catch me makin' brooms and baskets as I do now. I'll live like a day-bob then, I'll warrant it. I'll eat as much cod-fish and mince pies as I can stuff down."

"Have you discovered any other specimens of this same gold ore?"

"Have I! Faith, Mister, I guess I have, more than you can shake a stick at. I mean to go home and buy the land that bears it, if I have to mortgage my coat to pay for it. But where's the confessor? I want to make sure that this is real gold, before I buy the land."

The student laughed in his sleeve, and directed the sanguine gold-finder to the professor of mineralogy. He stalked along into the presence of the latter, and finding him in company with two or three other gentlemen, he asked, "Which on ye is the confessor of mineralogy?"

"I'm the professor of mineralogy," said Dr. D.

"Oh, you are, ha?" returned the gawk; "well, you're the very feller I want to see. I've got something for your particular ear; and if you'll step aside a moment, I'll show it to you."

The professor smiled, and complied with the request; when the long-skirted native, thrusting his hand again into his pocket, drew forth the precious specimen on which his golden hopes were built.

"There!" said he, "what do you say to that?"

"What do I say to it?"

"Yes—what I mean is, what do you call it?"

"I call it a stone," returned the professor.

"Isn't it a gold stone?" inquired the stranger, with intense interest, and watching the countenance of the professor, to see that he was not deceiving him.

"There's no gold in that," said the professor, coolly.

"No gold!" exclaimed the stranger, his long chin dropping at once upon his breast, and his snagged teeth appearing more ghastly than ever—"no gold! what is it then that looks so yaller?"

"Nothing but a mixture of iron."

"Darnation seize the iron!" exclaimed the disappointed speculator—"if I'd a known that, it might a lain till it rotted, for all my fetchin' it nine miles in my pocket, jest to see if 'twasn't gold, or no." With that, he threw it from him in disgust, forgot his dreams of living like a "day-bob," and went home to eat mush and potatoes, instead of regaling on cod-fish and mince pie.

RELUCTANCE TO A THRONE.

The following letter of JOSEPHINE, extracted from the Memoirs of that lady, will be perused with deep interest, both as showing the moderation of her views, in opposition to the ambitious ones of Napoleon, and also as prophetic of the final result, to Napoleon himself, of his most inordinate ambition. The letter was addressed to him during one of his frequent visits to Boulogne, just on the eve of the elevation which Josephine so much deprecated:—

"MY FRIEND,—For the tenth time, perhaps, have I perused your letter, and must confess that the amazement into which it threw me subsides only to give place to sorrow and apprehension. You persist, then, in the resolution to re-establish the throne of France, and yet not to restore those who were deposed by the Revolution, but to seat yourself thereon? What power, you ask—what grandeur—and above all, what advantage in this design! And, for my part, I venture to reply, What obstacles present themselves to its success! How great the sacrifices which must be made before its accomplishment can be secured! how far beyond calculation the consequences, should it be realized! But let us admit that your purpose does succeed, will your views terminate with the founding of a new empire? Will not your power, opposed, as to a certainty it must be, by the neighboring states, draw you into a war with them? This will probably end in their ruin. Will not their

neighbors, beholding these effects, combine in turn for your destruction? While abroad such is the state of things, at home how numerous the envious and discontented!—how many plots to disconcert, and conspiracies to punish! Kings will despise you as an upstart, the people will hate you as a usurper, your equals as a tyrant; none will comprehend the utility of your elevation; all will assign it to ambition or to pride. Doubtless, there will not be wanting slaves who will cringe to your power, until, backed by another which they esteem a more formidable influence, they will seek to elevate themselves on your ruin. Fortunate, also, beyond hope, if steel—if poison!—a wife, a friend dare not give pause to an alarmed imagination on images so dreadful. This brings me to myself, a subject about which my concern would be small indeed if I only were interested. But, with the throne, will there not likewise arise the desire of new alliances? Will you not consider it necessary, by new family ties, to provide for the more effectual security of that throne? Oh! whatever such connexions might be, could they prove like those formed at first in propriety, and which affections the most tender have since consecrated! I stop at this perspective, which fear—must I say love?—traces in an appalling futurity. You have alarmed me by your ambitious flight; restore my confidence by your return to moderation."

A STREET DIALOGUE.

ON DIET.

Cuff. Wy Cato, wat you goin to do wid dem are quash, and den, are mutton chop, wat you got in you basket?

Cato. Wy wat a fool question you ax, Cuff! I'm a goin to eat 'em to be sure.

Cuff. Eat 'em! My gosh! You die, Cato, sartin you eat 'em.

Cato. Wal, pose I do, Cuff! Wat den? I muss die wen my time come, werrer no.

Cuff. Yes, but you die fore you time come, sartin you no take better care you diup. De Collar kill you, sartin you eat dem are nassy quash and den are ogis mutton chop.

Cato. [Looking black.] You tink so, Cuffee?

Cuff. Tink so! Wy, I no tink noffin about it—I know so. I hab de proof all round me. Twenty-lebben my acquaintance die sence de Collar come—and dey all, widout deception, eat one ting or anur-er. Wat you tink o' dat, Cato, ha?

Cato. Dat is bery alarmin, I muss say, Cuffee; but are you sure any on 'em eat de quash and de mutton chop?

Cuff. Are I sure! Wy how long will you spute my word, Cato? I tell you, dere was Sambo Caesar, he eat a hearty meal o' pork and taters, and next day he was underneeve Potiphar's field. Den dere was Pompey Ticklip, he eat a hearty dinner o' green pease and tingling bean, and, in less an tree hour, he catch a cramp, turn blue in de face, and folly arter Sambo Caesar. Den dere was Dinah Phillisy, a strong hearty wench as ebber walk on two leg, she pay no tention to her diup, but she eat hot corn and suckletash, and now she underneeve de sod too. Den, moreober, dere was Tom Trautyslin, wat kep a wittlin house down suiler, he eat sebben hard bile eggs and a pown a gammon, for supper, so dat dey needn't be loss, and, gosh amighty! fore de mornin light he wake up in totter world. Den, moreober besides, dere was—O, loddly!—dere was ebber so many ob 'em die wid eatin dis ting, and dat ting, and totter ting—I tell you, Cato, dat unless you pay more tention to you diup, you sartin die sure you lib.

Cato. Wat muss I eat, den, Cuffee?

Cuff. Eat! Wy, de safest way is not to eat noffin at all, den you no 'spose yourself.

A NEW MILITARY CHIEFTAIN.—A member of the Board of Health, a few days since, in discharge of his official duties, called to inspect the premises of a poor Irish woman, in the upper part of the city. He found them exceedingly filthy—pigs, children, and all, lodging promiscuously together.

"My good woman," said he, "your house is in rather a bad condition. You must turn your pig out of doors, and scrub, and clean up a little."

"And why for must I clean up now, more nor another time?" inquired the woman, in some amazement. "I've always kept the little peg alongst with the childer; and why for must I turn the dear cratur out on the wide world now to git his bread and shlap all alone?"

"I'll tell you why," returned the conservator of Health—"The Cholera Morbus will pay you a visit."

"Curnel Morbus!" exclaimed the honest woman—"and what for should I clane up for Curnel Morbus, at all, at all? What is he better nor any other offisher? When General Lafayette, he kim along, I didn't clane up me house, nor turn out me peg, nor make any botheration at all, at all. And sure I am that

General Lafayette is a greater man any day nor Curnel Morbus—bad luck to him!"

NO NEW DISEASE.—Doctor Causin, of Washington, declares that there is no such disease in existence as the Asiatic or Spasmodic Cholera. The pestilence which, by this name, has spread over a great part of the world, he says is no other than "Malignant Typhus Fever, called by ancient writers, Typhus Putridus, and by the moderns, Typhus Synocephalis." He declares it to be both unphilosophical, and contrary to the dignity of the medical profession, to entertain for one moment an opinion favorable to the existence of new diseases. "Disease," says he, "is coeval with man."

Taking this to be true, how sadly must poor Adam have been afflicted! His being turned out of the garden of Eden must have been the least of his troubles. Every disease with which mankind is, now-a-days, or ever has been, afflicted, must have visited our general forefather in his single person. To-day, he must have been burning with a fever; to-morrow, wheezing with the asthma; the next day, raving about with a jumping tooth-ache. This week might have seen him racked with the gout; the next, limping with the rheumatism; and the third, laboring under a fit of the stone. Now pining away with a marasmus, anon swollen to bursting with the dropsy; and by and by turning yellow with the jaundice. "Disease is coeval with man."

The present pestilence, then, whatever it may be called, Adam must have had before us. But here a query arises, which it is hoped Doctor Causin will be good enough to solve—to wit: Whether this disease originated from eating the forbidden fruit—and especially whether it was ripe, or unripe.

"LET WELL ALONE."—Akin to the folly of taking prophylactic medicines, is that of being over cautious in relation to diet—in abstaining, as many do, from the use of those things which they have hitherto found to be perfectly healthful—and thus making a change in their ordinary mode of living, which cannot but be injurious, rather than beneficial. The principal Physicians of Boston, on the other hand, acting with a commendable degree of knowledge and common sense, have recommended to pursue the ordinary course of living, particularly in relation to vegetables—"which," say they, "when of good quality and properly cooked, they consider as a salutary provision of nature, at this season, to cool and regulate the digestive system."

DIETETIC ALAHEMISTS.—Every body has heard of the reply of the eccentric Physician, when asked by a hypochondriac, what he should eat—"You mustn't eat the grindstone, because it is heavy; and you mustn't eat the bellows, because they are windy." The same advice, we verily believe, may be judiciously followed at the present time; and indeed we hope that nobody will be so rash as to eat the above forbidden articles.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—Blackwood's Magazine, speaking of the petty jealousies that exist between the people of this country and those of Great Britain, has the following amusing paragraph:—"England and America are two fine women—and not only so, but they are mother and daughter. England is fat, fair, and forty, fit for the arms of a King. America is in her teens, and a morsel for a President. As long as they pursue each her own path, and are proud each of her own lord or lover, both can bear, without any painful uneasiness, the thought of each other's beauty, and smilingly blow kisses from their hands across the Atlantic. Yet 'twould be too much to expect, that when they speak of each other's charms, they should always select the most seducing; that when they touch on each other's defects, they should point to the least prominent. 'Tis not in nature."

ASKING ALMS.—A man, who had lost both his legs, went about the country on horseback, to solicit charity. Coming to the house of an old lady, who happened to be rather of a peppery disposition, and knocking at the door as he sat on his rack of a steed, she addressed him with—"What do you want there?"

"I called," returned the beggar, humbly, "to ask alms."

"Arms!" exclaimed the old lady—"you had better get you a pair of legs first."

ANECDOTE OF A PADDY.—An Irishman, standing on the tongue of a wagon, was run away with by a pair of horses, and had his legs very much bruised by the violent motion of the swingetrees. Some person to whom he was relating the accident, asked him—"Why didn't you jump off, Patrick?"

"Faith, sir," returned Pat, "and it was as much as I could do to stay on."

DON MIGUEL.—It is hinted in the European papers, that the usurper, Don Miguel, is preparing, in case he

is beaten, to fly to this country. It is remarkable that heads, which once wore crowns, should consider themselves safest in a country where crowns are unknown.

SELECTIONS.

LONDON SHARPERS.

A correspondent of the Metropolitan tells a good story of them. He had been robbed of his watch and safety chain without being aware of the depredation, and, he proceeds:—

"I was mentioning my adventure at dinner, and wondering how I could have been robbed so easily on the part of the thief and so unconsciously on the part of myself, when one of those practical wags whom one occasionally meets in society, and who happened to be of the party, declared with a look of lamb-like innocence, that he saw nothing at all strange in it: 'for,' said he, 'the London pickpockets are so expert, that put your money where you will, they'll have it.'"

This I, suspecting nothing, ventured rather to doubt, whereupon this gentleman—for so I must call him—said that he would bet twenty pounds that, put my money where I pleased, a London thief should get it away from me between Charing Cross and the Royal Exchange. This seemed to me, having conceived a little project of mine own for its frustration, a contrivance next to impossible; so when he said he would bet the twenty sovereigns, I said, Done; and he said, Done: who was done eventually you shall hear.

The only condition which was imposed upon me was to tell my friend whereabouts my person I meant to carry my property; to this of course I consented, and then came out the depth of my contrivance and the ingenuity of my precautions. "A guinea," said I to the gentleman, "is the property I mean to preserve, and in order to do so, I mean to carry it in my mouth."

The company laughed heartily at my opponent, and gave me the greatest possible credit for my readiness, and we finished the evening with much hilarity, and at the close of our sitting, the following day was fixed for my experimental journey from King Charles the First at Charing Cross to the Royal Exchange on Cornhill.

Well! away I went, holding the golden portrait of his late majesty George the Fourth, as tight between my teeth as I had formerly held a bit of wood while under the painful discipline of Dr. Waddington's birch at school, resolved that no power should induce me to let go my guinea.

All succeeded according to my wishes. The tall portal of Exeter Hall, already for Gog and Magog when they walk westward, and the lengthened avenue of Waterloo bridge, were passed in safety; Somerset House, the Strand Theatre, Jones's Lucifer shop, the Lancet office, Paul's banking house, and Twining's tea shop, were successfully achieved; when just thinking of an epigram on the said shop, which I recollected to have seen some years since in a newspaper, and which, I dare say, every body else has forgotten, I repeated to myself the thing, which runs thus:

It seems as if nature had curiously planned

That names should with callings agree;
There's *Twining*, the tea-man who lives in the Strand,
Would be *winning* if robbed of his *T*.

Just as I had finished, I heard a prodigious noise, and in a minute found myself in the middle of a crowd assembled, as it appeared to me, like Roderick Dhu's troopers at a preconcerted signal. There I was in the midst of it. What then? said I; let what may occur I say nothing; I shall keep my mouth shut, and keep my golden opinion to myself; nothing shall drop from the honorable gentleman which shall endanger my treasure and my bet.

"Come what's all this here noise about?" said a policeman; "move on."

"Move on, Shirr!" said a poor Jew boy, his eyes streaming with tears. I wish I could move on; but these cool gentlemen have run right against me and upset my box with all my razors, and combs, and shavers."

"Poor boy!" said one man, (a remarkably genteel looking individual,) "here my poor fellow!" and he picked up a comb for him. Then came another who handed him a razor or two, and so on, until it appeared to me he had collected nearly the whole contents of his box; when another gentleman said to him, "Well, Moses, have you got all your rattle traps together again?"

"All but my guinea, Sir," said the boy; "a guinea vich is all de monish I had in de whole varsal world; dat I shallop de rolled in the muds."

"Muds, Moses!" said a little urchin with a snub nose and a hairy cap—I never shall forget his countenance—"what d'ye mean by muds? I seed that ere gentleman with a black stock pick it up ever so long ago."

The policeman looked me full in the face, so did the rest of the people. I wore a black stock.

"What did he do with it, my dear?" said a Bred-dignagean woman without a bonnet, addressing the imp who had just spoken.

"Vy, he vupt it into his mouth," said the urchin: "I seed him vith my own eyes."

With whose eyes he should have seen such a sight except his own, I did not stay to ask; but I exclaimed,

ed, foaming with rage, "Why you little——"

"Ah," bellowed the huge Amazon,

"The guardian naiad of the Strand."

"if you hav'nt got it in your mouth, vy don't you speak plain!"

Upon this the mob, policemen and all, put me to trial. Never were cross questions more fatal to a culprit, than the consolidated one-pound-one at that moment between my teeth was to me.

"Give the boy his money!" cried one. "Shame!" cried another. "You'd better give it up!" said the policeman; when, seeing several of the more active of the mobocracy falling to the rear, and arming themselves with sundry handfuls of thick Macadam pudding from the highway, I made a merit of necessity, gave the Jew boy my gold for *Ransom*, and slunk off to *Morland's* to write a cheque for my lost twenty pounds.

From the Atlas.

INFANT SCHOOL INSTRUCTION.

Readers who have made education an object of their thoughts, will need only to hear the name of Wilderspin, to be reminded of the important services he has rendered to his fellow creatures by his efforts in behalf of early instruction and discipline, as furnished by the happy device of Infant Schools. Mr. W. has just published a small volume entitled "Early Discipline Illustrated; or the Infant System progressing and successful"—from a notice of which we gather various interesting facts and entertaining anecdotes.

"As it has not fallen in our way to witness any portion of Mr. Wilderspin's system in operation, we can only say, that his doctrines and descriptions, contained in the present volume, give us the idea of a person of strong natural sense and acuteness, and of one most zealous in the cause he has for twelve years laboured to advance in every quarter of the kingdom; by lectures, the establishment of schools, improvements in the method of teaching, and all other means in his power. That he has greatly succeeded is evident from the following quotation:—

"Every lover of his country should rejoice in the fact, that there are now in the United Kingdom more than 10,000 schools, more than 100,000 teachers, and more than 1,000,000 of children, gathered from the streets and lanes, within the pale of these invaluable institutions."

The account we have here of Mr. Wilderspin's journeys from place to place, the nature of the reception he met with, and the success or failure of his attempts, is rendered amusing by a number of local anecdotes, personal adventures, and such remarks as might occur to a clever tourist. From these we are inclined to fancy that our author is what is usually called "a character;" and such a character as we could have no objection to cope withal, should we meet him in any of his rambles. To illustrate this matter we shall transcribe a few passages from his volume.

About the beginning of his career, Mr. W. visited Brighton; and it is with pleasure we extract a paragraph relative to his late Majesty George IV., on whose love and patronage of the arts and literature this journal shall never be silent, however much political feelings may blind others to those truly royal qualities.

"I took up my abode with a lady—a member of the Society of Friends—at the expense of two gentlemen interested in the object I was anxious to promote. After the usual preliminaries, the authorities lent us a large room connected with the poor-house, until a suitable building could be erected. And although the children had to go a considerable distance, we soon obtained as many as could be accommodated. My kind hostess acted as almoner for some of the distinguished inmates of the Pavilion and other persons of rank; and one day she said: 'Friend Wilderspin, if thou likest to get a copy of thy book handsomely bound, a person of distinction will give it to the king.' Accordingly, I had one prepared, and enjoyed the high gratification of hearing that it was most graciously received. His late Majesty was subsequently apprised that an infant school was opened in Brighton, and was pleased to express a wish that the children should be taken into the Pavilion; but the time for doing so was not appointed. As, however, I had remained a much longer time than I contemplated, and the institution in London was suffering from my absence, it was agreed that I should leave the town, and return as soon as my presence was desired. After some time had elapsed, I received a letter, urging my immediate attendance in order to superintend the introduction of these infants to the king, and I proceeded to Brighton without the least delay. But, to my indescribable regret, I discovered that the letter had, by some means, been delayed a day, and that I had arrived, most unfortunately, on the very evening of the one on which the exhibition was appointed to take place. It appeared, however, that some of the nobility went from the Pavilion to the school, witnessed what they could from the exertions of the master who had just been initiated into the system, and were so far satisfied by the result, that his Majesty, from their report, most munificently promised to clothe the children annually, and this was done to the time of his death. After this, the number of schools greatly increased; some persons, who had avowed themselves hostile, came forward to our help; and others, who had hitherto stood aloof from various causes, advanced to our aid. A large school was opened at Brighton, which I hear gives great satisfaction. Another has since been established."

Of the juvenile depravity of Manchester, Mr. W. draws a frightful picture.

"Juvenile delinquency is appalling in Manchester, as it is in all the great towns I have visited. I have watched little children, waiting most eagerly for an opportunity to enter shops, in order to take what they could. Once I observed a child watching at a window to give a signal, should it be necessary, and another bring out a large plum-cake, which was immediately given to the former. On detecting them in the fact, the one who stole it said, 'I have not got it,' the receiver said, 'I did not take it,' and two others, who were waiting opposite to divide the spoil, hastily ran off. Frequently have I witnessed such acts, and secured the offender; but the early age of the culprit has invariably pleaded in his behalf, and shielded him from prosecution. Nor is this all. I have observed little boys choose their girls (each of whom speaks of his favourite as 'his woman'), and with them all plunder is shared. I have myself been followed and accosted by little girls, who, on my inquiring what they wanted, have asked for 'a dram'; nor do I hesitate to affirm that in many of the large towns, both of England and Scotland, (particularly London, Liverpool, Bath, Manchester, and Glasgow,) men of apparent respectability are often beset by girls, about eight years of age, some dressed gaily and others in rags; and he proceeds to facts which, however necessary to be inquired into, for the sake of applying a remedy, it could answer no good end to copy into our miscellany, for the reading of every class, and age, and sex. We will rather copy one of the author's stories, to show the influence of the Roman priesthood in Ireland.

"In one of my rambles, a fine young woman, about twenty-two years of age, in a very dirty and ragged plight, came out of a wretched hovel, and with intense emotion said, 'O, for the love of God and of the holy virgin, y'er honour, give me a penny.' On bestowing what I thought proper, I observed her enter a neighbouring cabin, where various articles were sold, and bring from thence two candles. Anxious to watch her still further, I followed her to her dwelling, built of earth, in which were four posts driven in the ground; on them an oblong block was placed, measuring about four yards by two, which, I supposed, served for a bed; and on this, some straw or rushes appeared beneath a rug. Observing her gazing with great intemperance on it, and not noticing me, though standing at the door, I was led to intrude, by asking what was there?

"Och! sure," was the reply, "and isn't it my own dear, dear darling?" And, lifting up the rug, she exposed to my view the corpse of her babe. Affected by the sight and the emotion of the mother, I entered into conversation with her, and at length ventured to speak of a future state, on which, though she had paid marked attention to all I said as to her own circumstances, she stared, and exclaimed, with mingled anxiety and apprehension, 'And is it you that talk about these things? Hav'nt we, now, our own priest to do this? Does't he come very often here;—and doesn't he, sure, know more than you a grate dale? What is it, now, that he has not told me? Och! ye need not be saying any thing at all, at all! Nor would she allow me to resume the subject. I then naturally inquired,—If she had such great faith in father O'Reilly, why she did not ask him to relieve her? "Och," said she, "now I know that ye know nothing at all! Has he not often relaved me? and sure did he not say, the last time he was here, that if I put my trust in God, somebody would come and help me, and, faith! has'n't he sent you? and so no thanks to you."

We have got another story too—an adventure in a sea-bath in the Fifth of Forth. Mr. W. tells us:—

"A friend and myself were bathing one morning, as we had done before, and determined to swim out and rest on a certain rock. He generally took the lead, and while following I was suddenly struck as by an electric shock. I then discovered that I had swam on a gelatinous substance, about three feet in diameter, which proved to be a fish surrounded by stings. In a moment it covered or enveloped me, so that every part of my body was stung; and I could only disengage myself by tearing the animal from me piece-meal, at the peril of my hands, which were just as if I had poured vitriol upon them. With great difficulty I swam back towards the shore; but when I reached the machine, I had not strength enough to dress; and was afterwards led home between two persons. A medical friend ordered an application of oil and vinegar. Intense agony, which I can compare to nothing but the being stung by thousands of wasps, continued for about eight hours; and had it not terminated then, I must soon have sunk beneath the torture. As soon as the pain from the surface of the body was mitigated, I felt an internal soreness, was unable to eat for two days, and inflammation of the throat continued for a fortnight. Several of these creatures are seen on the sands left by the tide, for about a month in the year; and I observed that no horse would tread on one, nor would children touch it except with a stick; but the inhabitants of Porto-Bello had heard of persons being slightly stung, the oldest of them had never met with a case parallel to mine."

Anything in Reason.—Go up and hand the royal, said an officer on ship board to a boy, who had never before "swam the salt pond." It was in the night. Sir? answered the lad inquiringly. The officer repeated the order. Any thing in reason, Captain, any thing in reason, said the boy, but as to climbing them rope ladders such a dark night as this, I shan't do it.

A LADY LIEUTENANT.

A whimsical case occurred last week in Paris. A young officer was brought before the Correctional Police, and on being interrogated who and what he was, answered, very much to the astonishment of all present, my name is Constantine Catharine Raffoux, aged 17, lately an officer in the Belgian service.

The crime of which the lady was accused, was wearing several knightly decorations without a title thereto;—such as the Belgian Lion, the Polish Eagle, and the Cross of July. When called upon for her defence, she said, crying bitterly:—

"If the things of which I am accused are as grave as you say, I request you to believe that they are merely the results of imprudence. You will, I know, inquire why I am thus dressed, and do not appear in the habiliments of my own sex. The facts are these: Though young and a female, the love of my country and that liberty which all good citizens so well defended during our glorious days, electrified me. When I heard the sound of cannon, I regretted that I was a woman, and prevented by sex from doing as much as others."

"You know, gentlemen, that a short time after our revolution, another of a similar character broke out in Belgium. The same desire of liberty induced me to assume male habiliments, with a view of concealing my weakness under such a disguise. I went to Belgium, and more than one person worthy of credit, who went there as I did, will attest to you that I gave the lie to all assertions of female weakness. Arming myself with all the courage of which I am susceptible, and thinking of my own dear country, my feeble hands defended and avenged the friends of Belgian liberty, as it would have done, and will still do, the freedom of my native land is attached."

"On my return to Paris, though I did not wish to give up my male dress, which I had been accustomed to wear, and which is most suitable to my taste, I had no desire to act against the laws. I therefore resolved to reassume the habits of my own sex, till I found that they did not become me. I went accordingly to the Prefect of Police, and obtained from him permission to wear the clothes in which I now appear. As for the decorations I have assumed, I trust, gentlemen, that your indulgence will induce you to attribute that fault to youthful vanity; and some of that national pride which may be pardonable at my age. The confinement I have already suffered in expiation of this offence will, I hope, incline you to find, in the short and true account of myself that I have just given, sufficient motives to restore me to liberty. My counsel is, besides, charged with the task of demonstrating more eloquently than I can do, if you deem it necessary, that my taste, and no corrupt feeling, has brought me before you."

The Advocate who appeared on behalf of the Crown pressed punishment but lightly, and the lady's counsel confirmed all her statements. He said that her military propensities were so strongly developed, that a man, Dr. Mare, physician to the King, had pronounced her to be in a state of *exaltation martiale*. He mentioned some of her exploits, one of which was the taking of a citadel at the head of a party of Belgians, for which she was made Lieutenant.

The Court was ungallant enough to imprison her for a week.

A clergyman, who is in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, was not long since at an inn, where he observed a horse jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman, by imposing upon him a broken winded horse for a sound one. The parson knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman finally declined the purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled, observed: "Parson, I had much rather hear you preach, than see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man in this way." "Well," (replied the parson) if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you might have heard me preach. "Where was that?" inquired the jockey. "In the State Prison," returned the clergyman.

Politeness.—The use of "your humble servant," came first into England on the marriage of Queen Mary, daughter of Henry IV. of France, which is derived from "votre tres humble serviteur." The usual salutation before that time was, "God keep you—God be with you; and, among the vulgar, "How dost do?" with a thump on the shoulder. Till this time the court itself was unpolished and unmannered. King James's court was so far from being civil to women, that the ladies, nay the Queen herself, could hardly pass by the King's apartments without receiving some affront.

Atholeman Manuscript.

I once knew a man (says a writer in the Metropolitan Magazine) who had only one story, and that was about a gun. He difficulty was to introduce this story, and he at last succeeded by the use of his foot. When sitting after dinner, he would stamp under the table and create a hollow sound. Then, "God bless me! what's that—a gun? By the bye, talking about guns," and then came his story.

THE CHASE OF THE SMUGGLER.
TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.—(Continued.)

The crib in which I was confined was as dark as pitch, and, as I soon found, as hot as the black hole in Calcutta. I don't pretend to be braver than my neighbours, but I would pluck any man by the beard who called me coward. In my small way I had in my time faced death in various shapes; but it had always been above board, with the open heaven overhead, and generally I had a goodly fellowship in danger, and the eyes of others were upon me. No wonder, then, that the sinking of the heart within me, which I now experienced for the first time, was bitter exceedingly, and grievous to be borne. Cooped up in a small suffocating cabin, scarcely eight feet square, and not above four feet high, with the certainty of being murdered, as I conceived, were I to try to force my way on deck; and the knowledge that all my earthly prospects, all my dreams of promotion, were likely to be blasted, and for ever ruined by my sudden spiriting away, not to take into the heavy tale the misery which my poor mother and my friends must suffer, when they came to know it, and "who will tell this to thee, Mary," rose to my throat, but could get no farther for a cursed bump that was like to throttle me. Why should I blush to own it—when the gipsy, after all, asked an old rich gentified coffee-planter at the eleventh hour, and married me, and is now the mother of half a dozen Cringles or so? However, I made a strong effort to bear my misfortunes like a man, and, adding my arms, I sat down on a chest to abide my fate, whatever that might be, with as much composure as I could command, when half a dozen cockroaches flew flicker flicker against my face.

For the information of those who have never seen this delicious insect, I take leave to mention here, that, when full grown, it is a large dirty brown-colored beetle, about two inches long, with six legs, and two feelers as long as its body. It has a strong antiseptic flavour, something between rotten cheese and assafetida, and seldom stirs abroad when the sun is up, but lies concealed in the most obscure and obscure crevices it can creep into; so that, when it is seen, its wings and body are thickly covered with dust, and dirt of various shades, which any culprit who chanced to fall asleep with his mouth open, is sure to reap the benefit of, as it has a great propensity to walk into it, partly for the sake of the crumbs adhering to the masticator, and also, apparently, with a scientific desire to inspect, by accurate admeasurement with the adorsed antennae, the state and condition of the whole potato trap.

At the same time I felt something gnawing the toe of my boot, which I inferred to be a rat—another agreeable customer for which I had a special abhorrence; but, as for beetles of all kinds, from my boyhood up, they had been an abomination unto me, and a cockroach is the most abominable of all beetles; so between the two I was speedily roused from my state of slumber, or rather dozed consciousness; and, forgetting the geography of my position, I sprang to my feet, whereupon I nearly fractured my skull against the low deck above. I first tried the skylight; it was latched—but the ladder leaning up to it, being cooler than the noisome vapour bath I had left, I remained standing in it, trying to catch a mouthful of fresh air through the joints of the door. All this while we had been slipping along shore with the land wind ahead of us, at the rate of five or six knots, but so gently and silently, that I could distinctly hear the roar of the surf, as the long smooth swell broke on the beach, which, from the loudness of the noise, could not be so near a mile to windward of us. I perceived at the same time that the schooner, although going free, did not keep away as she might have done, so that it was evident he did not intend to beat up, so as to fetch the Crooked Island passage, which would have been his course, had he been bound for the States; but was standing over to the Cuba shore, at that time swarming with pirates.

It was now good daylight, and the *Terror* gradually died away, and left us rolling gunwale under, as we rose and fell on the long seas, with our sails flapping, bulkheads creaking and screaming, and main-boom jig-jigging, as if it would have torn every thing to pieces. I could hear my friend Obed walking the deck, and whistling manfully for the sea breeze, and exclaiming from time to time in his baritone lingo, "Souffle, souffle, San Antonio." But the saint had no bowels, and there we lay roasting until near ten o'clock in the forenoon. During all this period, Obed, who was short-sighted, as I learned afterwards, kept desiring his right arm, Paul Brandywine, to keep a bright look-out for the sea breeze to windward, or rather to the eastward, for there was no wind—"because he knewed it oftentimes tumbled down right sudden and dangerous at this season about the corner of the Island hereabouts; and the pride of the morning often brought a shower with it, fit to level a naze plumb as his hand."—"No black clouds to windward yet, Paul?"

Paul could see nothing, and the question was repeated three or four times. "There is a small black cloud about the size of my hand to windward, sir, right in the wake of the sun, just now, but it won't come to any thing; I see no signs of any wind."

"And Elijah said to his servant, Go up now, and look toward the sea, and he went up and looked, and said there is nothing; and he said, go again seven times, and it came to pass the seventh time, that he beheld there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, as big as a man's hand."

I knew what this foreboded, which, as I thought, was more than friend Obed did; for he shortened no sail, and kept all his kites abroad, for no use as it struck me, unless he wished to wear them out by flapping against the masts. He was indeed a strange mixture of skill and carelessness; but, when fairly stirred up, one of the most daring and expert, and self-possessed seamen I had ever seen, as I very soon had an ugly opportunity of ascertaining.

The cloud on the horizon continued to rise rapidly, spreading over the whole eastern sky, and the morning began to lower very ominously; but there was no sudden squall, the first of the breeze coming down as usual in cats' paws, and freshening gradually; nor did I expect there would be, although I was certain it would soon blow a merry capful of wind, which might take in some of the schooner's small sails, and pretty considerably bother us, unless we could better our offing speedily, for it blew right on shore, which, by the setting in of the sea breeze, was now close under our lee.

At length the sniffer reached us, and the sharp little vessel began to speak, as the rushing sound through the water is called; while the wind sang like an Eolian harp through the taught weather rigging. Presently I heard the word given to take in the two gaff topsails and flying jib, which was scarcely done, when the mounting sound roughened into a roar, and the little vessel began to jerk at the head seas, as if she would have cut through them, in place of rising to them, and to lie over, as if Davy Jones himself had clapperclawed the mast heads, and was in the act of using them as levers to capsize her, while the sails were tugging at her, as if they would have torn the spars out of her, so that I expected every moment, either that she would turn over, keel up, or that the masts would snap short off by the deck.

All this, which I would without the smallest feeling of dread, on the contrary with exhilaration, have faced cheerily on deck in the course of duty, proved at the time, under my circumstances, most alarming and painful to me; a fair strae death out of the maintop, or off the weather-yard arm, would to my imagination have been an easy exit comparatively, but to be choked in this abominable hole, and drowned darkling like a blind puppy—the very thought made me frantic, and I shouted, and tumbled about, until I missed my footing and fell backwards down the ladder, from the bottom of which I scuttled away to the lee-side of the cabin, quiet, through absolute despair and exhaustion from the heat and closeness.

I had remarked that from the time the breeze freshened, the everlasting Yankee drawing of the crew, and the endless confabulation of the captain and his mate, had entirely ceased, and nothing was now heard on deck but the angry voice of the raging elements, and at intervals a shrill piercing word or two from Obed, in the altered tone of which I had some difficulty in recognizing his pipe, which rose clear and distinct above the roar of the sea and wind, and was always answered by a prompt, sharp, "aye, aye, sir," from the men. There was no circumspection, nor calculating, nor guessing, now, but all hands seemed to be doing their duty energetically and well. "Come, the vagabonds are sailors, after all, we shan't be swamped this turn," and I resumed my place on the companion ladder, with more ease of mind, and a vast deal more composure, than when I was pitched from it when the squall came on. In a moment after, I could hear the captain sing out, loud even above the howling of the wind and rushing of the water, "There it comes at last—put your helm hard about—down with it, Paul, down with it man—luff, and shake the wind out of her sails, or over we goes, clean and for ever." Every thing was jammed, nothing could be let go, nor was there an axe at hand to make short work with the sheets and lardyards; and for a second or two I thought it was all over, the water rushing half way up her decks, and bubbling into the companion, through the crevices; but at length the lively little craft came tully to the wind, shaking her plumage like a wild duck; the sails were got in, all to the foresail, which was set with the bonnet off, and then she lay-to like a sea-gull, without shipping a drop of water. In the comparative stillness I could now distinctly hear every word that was said on deck.

"Pretty near it; rather close shaving that same, captain," quoth Paul, with a congratulatory chuckle; "but I say, sir, what is that wroth of smoke rising from Annotta Bay over the headland?"

"Why, how should I know, Paul? Negroes burning brush, I guess."

"The smoke from brushwood never rose and flew over the bluff with that swirl, I calculate; it is a gun or I mistake."

And he stepped to the companion for the purpose, as I conceived, of taking out the spy-glass, which usually hangs there in brackets fitted to hold it; he undid the hatch, and pushed it back, when I popped my head out, to the no small dismay of the mate; but Obed was up to me, and while with one hand he seized the glass, he ran the sliding top sharp up against my neck, till he panned me into a kind of pillory, to my great annoyance; so I had to beg to be released, and once more slunk back into my hole. There was a long pause; and at length Paul, to whom the skipper had handed the spy-glass, spoke.

"A schooner, sir, is rounding the point."

As I afterwards learned, the Negroes who had witnessed my capture, especially the old man who had kept me for his infernal majesty, had raised the alarm, so soon as they could venture down to the

overseer's house, which was on the smuggling boat shoving off, and Mr. Fyall immediately despatched an express to the Lieutenant commanding the *Glean*, then lying in Annotta Bay, about ten miles distant, when she instantly slipped and shoved out.

"Well, I can't help it if there be," rejoined the captain.

Another pause.

"Why, I don't like her, sir; she looks like a man of war—and that must have been the smoke of the gun she fired on weighing."

"Eh?" sharply answered Obed, "if it be, it will be a hanging matter if we are caught with this young splice on board; he may belong to her for what I know. Look again, Paul."

A long, long look.

"A man-of-war schooner, sure enough, sir; I can see her ensign and pennant, now that she is clear of the land."

"Oh Lord, oh Lord," cried Obed, in great perplexity, "what shall we do?"

"Why, pull foot, captain," promptly replied Paul, "the breeze has lulled, and in light wind she will have no chance with the tidy little Wave."

I could now perceive that the smugglers made all sail, and I heard the frequent swish-swash of the water, as they threw bucketsful on the sails, to thicken them and make them hold more wind, while we edged away, keeping as close to the wind, however, as we could, without stopping her way.

"Starboard," quoth Obed—"rap fall, Jem—let her walk through it, my boy—there, main and foresail, flat as boards; why, she will stand the main-gaff-top sail yet—set it, Paul, set it!" and his heart warmed as he gained confidence in the qualifications of his vessel.

"Come, weather me, now, see how she trips it along—poo, I was an ass to quail, wasn't I, Paul? No chance, now, thought I, as I descended once more; I may as well go and be suffocated at once."

I knocked my foot against something, in stepping off the ladder, which, on putting down my hand, I found to be a tinder-box, with steel and flint. I had formerly ascertained there was a candle in the cabin, on the small table, stuck into a bottle; so I immediately struck a light, and as I knew that meekness and solicitation, having been tried in vain, would not serve me, I determined to go on the other tack, and to see how far an assumption of coolness and self-possession, or, it might be, a dash of bravado, whether true or feigned, might not at least ensure me some consideration and better treatment from the lawless gang into whose hands I had fallen.

So I set to and ransacked the lockers, where, among a vast variety of miscellaneous matters, I was not long in finding a bottle of very tolerable rum, some salt junk, some biscuit, and a goggle or porous earthen jar of water, with some capital cigars. By this time I was like to faint with the heat and smell; so I filled a tumbler with good half and half, and swigged it off. The effect was speedy; I thought I could eat a bit, so I attacked the salt junk and made a hearty meal, after which I replenished my tumbler, lighted a cigar, pulled off my coat and waistcoat, and, with a sort of desperate glee, stood up at the top of my pipe, "Ye Mariners of England." My joviality was soon noticed on deck.

"Eh, what be that?" quoth Obed, "that be none of our ditties, I guess? who is singing below there?"

"We be all on deck, sir," responded Paul.

"It can't be the spy, eh?—sure enough it must be he, and no one else; the heat and choke must have made him mad."

"We shall soon see," said Paul as he removed the skylight, and looked down into the cabin.

Obed looked over his shoulder, peering at me with his little short-sighted pig's eyes, into which, in my gut valiancy, I immediately chucked half a tumbler of very strong grog, and under cover of it attempted to bolt through the scuttle, and thereby gain the deck; but Paul, with his shoulder of mutton flst, gave me a very unceremonious rebuff, and down I dropped again.

"You makes yourself at home, I sees, and be hanged to you," said Obed, laying the emphasis on the last word, pronouncing it "yoo—oo" in two syllables.

"I do, indeed, and be damned to yoo—oo," I replied; "and why should I not? the visit was not volunteered."

You know; so come down, you long-legged Yankee smuggling scoundrel, or I'll blow your bloody buccanering craft out of water like the peel of an onion. You see I have got the magazine scuttle up, and there are the barrels of powder, and here is the candle, so—"

Obed laughed like the beginning of the bray of the jackass before he swings off into his "behaw, behaw."

"Smash my eyes man, but them barrels be full of pimento, all but the one with the red mark, and that be crackers fresh and sharp from the Brandywine mills."

"Well, gunpowder or pimento, I'll set fire to it if you don't be civil!"

"Why, I will be civil; you are a curious chap, a brave slip, to carry it so, with no friend near; so civil I will be."

He unlocked the companion hatch and came down to the cabin, doubling his long limbs up like foot rules, to suit the low roof.

"Free and easy, my man," continued the captain, as he entered. "Well, I forgive you—we are quits now—and if we were not beyond the Island Craft, I would put you ashore, but I can't stand back now."

"Why, may I ask?"

"Simply because one of your men of war schooners, isn't more than hull down astern of me at this moment;

she is working up in shore, and has not chased me as yet; indeed she may save herself the trouble, for ne'er a schooner in your blasted service has any chance with the tidy little Wave."

I was by no means so sure of this.

"Well, Master Obediah, it may turn up as you say, and in a light wind, I know you will either sail or sweep away from any one of them; but to be on the square with you, if it comes on to blow, that same hooker, which I take to be his Britannic Majesty's schooner *Glean*, will, from his greater beam, and superior length, outcarry and forerach on you, aye, and weather on you too, hand over hand; so this is my compact—if he nails you, you will require a friend at Court, and I will stand that friend; if you escape—and I will not interfere either by advice or otherwise, either to get you taken or to get you clear—will you promise to put me on board the first English merchant vessel we fall in with, or at the longest, to land me at St. Jago de Cuba, and I will promise you, on my honour, notwithstanding all that has been said or done, that I will never hereafter inform against you, or in any way get you into trouble, if I can help it. Is it done? Will you give me your hand upon it?"

Obed did not hesitate a moment; he clenched my hand and squeezed it till the blood nearly spouted from my finger-ends; one might conceive of Norwegian bears greeting each other after this fashion, but I trust no Christian will ever, in time coming, subject my digits to a similar species of torture.

"Agreed, my boy, I have promised, and you may depend on me; smuggler though I be, and somewhat worse on occasion mayhap, I never breaks my word."

There was an earnestness about the poor fellow, in which I thought there could be no deception, and from that moment we were on what I may call a very friendly footing for a prisoner and his jailer.

"Well, now, I believe you, so let us have a glass of grog, and—"

Here the mate sung out, "Captain, come on deck, if you please; quickly, sir, quickly."

(Remainder next week.)

CALASPO,

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

(Continued.)

The mountaineer was a tall slight figure, with a stern countenance; the tempest seemed made for his grave features, and the rough obscurity with which he declined the purse, was obviously that of one unused to cities. Spinola, proud but not haughty—as is the custom of men conscious of high birth and office, but not vain of either—was pleased with the refusal of the money; but he had another trial to make. "I have offered you my protection," said he. "If you prefer remaining where you are, I can give you a farm; but if you prefer living in my household, I can give you employment. I have a mountain on which I mean to raise a forest, and you shall be the planter." The mountaineer was evidently a man of few words. But he as evidently had the faculty of making up his mind without loss of time. Throwing his cloak over his shoulder, and shaking hands with the peasants round him, he came forward, and taking off his hat, with a perfectly untutored bow to the Marquis, and a still deeper, but equally untutored one to the fair lady, he told them he was ready.

The procession moved forward. It was a dolorous display. One of the postillions had broken his arm—the other had lost his whip, one of his jackboots, and all his tobacco, and with it, apparently his senses, for he continued roaring out prayers to the Virgin that had saved his life, and anathemas against the King of Sardinia, who had endangered it. In other times, the latter portion of his prayer would have made more than the Virgin's assistance necessary, and plunged him down a precipice of 600 feet, from which all the Calaspos of the Alps could not have brought him up again with a sound neck. But times, luckily for the orator, were altered; and while the tri-color was kissing the breeze along the mountain tops of Piedmont, postillions and patriots of all dimensions might laugh at the dynasties of Italy, with the fullest security of caricature.

Spinola was still helpless from exhaustion; the fair Melanie was helpless from terror; the peasantry were not much more effective, from the blundering and brainlessness that belong to all life outside the walls of cities. But Calaspo, the redoubtable Calaspo, was every thing and every where. Like a general he was in front, van, and rear, ordering this down, lecturing the other, pointing out the route, sending his detachment of lampbearers to points from which they might act as beacons to the party, still cruelly buffeted, and more than half blinded, by the storm,—despatching videttes to find out the paths, which the storm had prodigiously mingled,—and sending forward a solid patrol to take possession of the next hamlet, rouse the population of Benefico to a sense of hospitality, and lay an embargo on all the guinea-fowl eggs and Florence coffee in their possession, for the behoof of the most magnificent the Lord Marquis of Spinola, sovereign of the lands of Montellans, Vastimiglia, and Giustestre.

This day concluded the disasters of the journey. Calaspo's arrival operated like a spell. Every thing went on prosperously from that moment. The series of miracles that carried them through the rest of their journey, deserved to be painted on the walls, if not of every Italian church, of every Italian post-house. The horses never foundered, the harness never cracked, the postillions never got drunk, lazy or insolent, and,

finally, the carriage never broke down. Calaspo's eye wrought all the magic. All was system where he applied his keen glance. The Marquis, weary and enfeebled, was delighted with having engaged so useful a serf; the servants were utterly astonished; the Signora Melanie was much amused; and, by the time that their train reached the bottom of the declivity from whose side the noble castle of Spinola looked over fifty leagues of forest, mountain, and cascade, like the Spirit of the feudal age throned in the midst of a world of its own—desolate, yet proud, bold, and kingly—the disasters of the night were thought of only as the natural produce of the wild, and to be remembered only for the wonder of the circle of marshals and ambassadors when the world came round again, and kings and court circles were what they ought to be—the rapture of mankind.

For two years, Spinola felt the wisdom of the choice which had brought him to the Col de Vars. Affairs at Turin were as dreary as ever. The French had plunged into Savoy like a thunder-shower, taken Chamberri, unhoused the nuns, pillaged the chapels, and yoked the father confessors to their cannon, as was the custom of people of liberty. The King had summoned the Austrians, who, always rejoicing at an opportunity of dipping their hands in Italian plunder, came at his call by tens of thousands, and, to the inconceivable astonishment and indignation of the French, beat them, republicans as they were, in every direction. This was always the history of Italian war. The Gaul first threw himself into the bosom of the land—swept every thing before him—robbed, shot, ate, drank, and danced—then threw off his musket and knapsack, proclaimed the war at an end, and prepared for a course of perpetual fete and festivity. The German was always six months too late; but, though tardy, he was not utterly dead. About the time when his lively rival had thrown away his accoutrements, the man of the north had contrived to button on his. He marched across the Tyrol hills, found the Gaul all astonishment, fell upon him with honest Gothic vengeance, and sent him flying back across Alp and Apennine without shirt, shoe, or sequin.

This had happened in regular course in the first years of the French war. The light Frenchman carried every thing before him for a summer. Then came the heavy Austrian, who drove the Frenchman from his prey, as a clown's huge hand drives off a swarm of gnats from a fallen sheep—the race of stings and wings is put to flight, but the sheep is not the less sure of losing its fleece for the operation. Italy realized the part of the sheep on this occasion, as on all, for the last three centuries; and the Austrian was now imbedded in Savoy, Piedmont, and every spot where he could sleep and smoke, in full indulgence of every appetite that could animate the most solid representative of the tortoise among men. Spinola cared for neither, suspected both, kept himself within his mountain empire, and heard of wars, and rumours of wars, as if the echo belonged to the moon.

Life has many a pleasure never dreamed of by those who look for paradise in the capital. The glare of orders and embroidery is, after all, not much brighter than the stars when they come out in full muster on a fine night of June. The gayest dance in the gayest palazzo that lifts its gilded turrets within sight of the Superga, is not much livelier than the wild measure of the mountain boys and girls, even with no better orchestra than their own voices, and the chant of the thrushes and nightingales that keep time on every bough above them. The Marquis had fully discovered this, and regretted that he had not made the discovery twenty years before. All was happiness, plenty, and peace, round the borders of this little kingdom, while noble lords and ladies, princes and princesses, legates and arch-bishops, were trembling at every streak that marked the coming sky, as the announcement of a conflagration; startled from their beds at every sound, as the braying of an enemy's trumpet, and running from end to end of Italy, alike in terror of the French dragoon and the German hussar.

In the midst of this region of grandeur and tranquillity, this world above the clouds, the Signora Melanie, too, sported like one of those gay creatures of the element that in the colors of the rainbow live. Her beauty grew more intellectual—there was a deeper light in her fine eyes—her cheek had more of the crimson that flushes and fades with every emotion of the mind. The unequalled magnificence of the scenes around her, was gradually modelling all her perceptions. In Greece she would have been copied by some Alcmena or Praxiteles as a Mountain Goddess, a Genius of the hills and streams. A Titian would have made her a Soraph or a Saint; and all the rustic poets who dared to cast their eyes on the "track of light," which all their sonnets declared to mark every spot consecrated by her tread, versified her into a combination of all indescribable excellencies, enough to have broken the hearts of all the *dames d'honneur* from Milan to Naples.

But what tranquillity could long be looked for in this whirling world! An estafette, a formidable animal, with mustaches worthy of a royal tiger, and epaulets fitted for the astonishment of all the race of woman kind, suddenly made his appearance at break of day in one of the grey mornings of an Alpine summer, with a letter to the Marquis from the Austrian commandant of Turin, informing him, that within twelve hours a column of three thousand would be in motion by the road to the Col de Vars, to take possession of the Fort Dauphin and the pass of the Baricadeas, both well known features of the pass of the Argenteuse, and both

famous for being marked with many a torrent of French blood.

The officer who bore the despatch was himself entitled to Spinola's hospitality, on the plea of family connexion. He was the Count Fiorenzo, the son of a distant relative of the Marquis, who had followed the Archduke Leopold from Tuscany to Vienna, had shared in his master's rise, and was now high in the favour of the Emperor Francis. Count Carlo Fiorenzo had served in the Russian army, in Suwarow's last campaign against the Ottomans; he had been an aid-de-camp to Prince Cobourg in Transylvania; he was a rich man, a handsome man, and a high born man; he was also an universal lover, and before he had swallowed his first glass of champagne that day at the Marquis's table, his eyes had made a full, complete, and unequivocal declaration of his approval of the person, face, and manners of the Signora Melanie.

The Austrians arrived. The hills were dotted with tents, the valleys groined to the groans of waggons and gun carriages, the woods echoed to the rattle of drums and the winding of bugles, bayonets flashed down solitudes as wild and as unused to man as the wilds of Mount Ararat, and the Castle was crowded, morning, noon, and night, with epaulets, orders, and colonels of Huns. Spinola was delighted; his early tastes revived, and he entertained those showy personages like an old knight of the Crusades. Balls, wolf-hunts and carousals among the hills and dales, made hill and dale ring. Love was the natural consequence. The Austrian soldiers, tardily awakened to the dark eyes of the mountain girls, began to marry them in great abundance; and, first of the first, Count Carlo, with a fine speech and a gesture of consummate eloquence, laid his heart at the feet of the fair heiress of the House of Spinola. The Signora was first amused, then displeased, then indignant. Count Carlo professed his intention of appealing from his unfeeling mistress to her rational father. The Signora anticipated him there, by appealing in her own person; but to her infinite vexation, that father had already heard the lover's tale, and, to her equally immeasurable surprise, he had given his entire approval to the suit. In other times, a daughter thus thwarted would have flung herself down a precipice or run to a nunnery; but the days for those cures of sorrow were obsolete, and the Signora, almost without knowing why, felt the world darkened round her at once, and went out into the open air of the forest to weep and walk away her woes.

The cloud on her brow had instantly communicated itself to all; her waiting-maids began to quarrel with the quarter masters and drum-majors, who had aspired to the honour of their hands, and an universal feeling seemed to have turned the temple of Hymen into the house of Discord. Other causes, too, began to operate; the Austrian column had not been advanced without reason, for it soon became known, that the French along the frontier were beginning to stir; that forage and guns were arriving from Provence, and that a new general had made his appearance at Nice. It was equally discoverable that the French, with their usual tactics, were preparing their way by peasant emissaries, who scattered their proclamations, and their more persuasive money, among the lower orders of Italy. The mountaineers of the fende and the Argenteuse, primitive as they were, had soon learned to compare the Austrian yoke with the French promise of universal freedom; the spirit broke out in quarrels; the Austrians used the cane and the flat of the sabre, to modify the public ideas; the peasants argued in turn with the stiletto and the carbine. Even Calaspo, the soul of good humor, had grown sullen, and in one or two frays with the drunken Austrians, his prowess had made him the subject of a formal representation to the Marquis Spinola. Calaspo was now a changed man. From the time of his having incurred the displeasure of the Marquis, he had relapsed into gloom; the original activity of his nature had departed from him; he wandered listlessly through the woods, a great portion of which had been planted by his own hand, and been a source of acknowledged pride to him; he abandoned guitar and mandoline, smiled no more, and shrank from association with all but his foresters. This conduct was suspicious, the times were suspicious, the position of the castle, almost on the frontier, was suspicious, and Spinola, urged by his Austrian guests, was considering in what way he should best win Calaspo and his forest brotherhood from the ways of republicanism, when he saw the bold peasant standing before him. "I come," said Calaspo, "to ask my dismissal, and to thank my Lord Marquis for his three years' protection." Spinola was struck with the determined countenance of his head forester, and asked his reason. "I am weary," was the stern answer; "I wish to try my chance with the world." As the dialogue proceeded, the Signora Melanie accidentally passed through the apartment. She expressed her surprise at the determination, and regretted the loss of one who had rendered herself and the Marquis such essential service, requested to know whether the late quarrels of the soldiery had any share in his resolution. The tone of her request softened his proud heart, and in a voice which showed how deeply he felt this mark of condescension, he thanked her, but still solicited his dismissal. The energy which he threw into his expressions of gratitude, and the color which mounted into his brown cheek, when he protested that neither time nor distance should make him forget the generous kindness of that noble roof, showed that nature can sometimes give eloquence to the tongue, and feeling to the features, without reverencing the laws of heraldry; and even the high-spirited Signora her-

self acknowledged that the three years had produced a prodigious change for the better in the handsome man of the woods. She had heard with a degree of regret which seemed totally unaccountable to herself, that Calaspo was to leave the castle at daylight next day, and her last work before she retired to rest, was to make up some pecuniary memorial of her gratitude for the preservation of her life.

The night was calm and lovely, and she lingered for some time at her casement counting the stars, and wondering in which of them the souls of disappointed lovers took up their rest. But low murmurs, like the gathering of thunder in the distant hills, gradually came on her ear, and chilled with the dew, she was about to close the casement, when she observed in the shadow of the trees a figure gazing upwards, and evidently wrapped in deep reverie. He spoke a few unconscious words, but she instantly knew the voice; it was Calaspo's. To this she suddenly felt that she must listen no longer, and she was again withdrawing, when the wave of plumage emerging into the moonlight caught her eye, and in the next moment high words were heard. The words were followed by the clash of steel; and in infinite terror she hastened to send some of her attendants to separate the combatants. They arrived too late; the Count Carlo was found with his sabre broken, and a wound in his side, from which the blood flowed profusely. The castle was thrown into confusion, patrols were despatched to seek the assassin, the Count was conveyed to bed, raging at his ill-luck, furious at "the obscure villain," who, he said, had waylaid him, and urging the Austrian officer in command to have the culprit shot without delay.

That culprit was declared to be Calaspo; and the Marquis, in high indignation at the attack on his guest, and offended by the idea that his sagacity had been so much mistaken in the instance of his protégé, ordered a general pursuit. A favourite, proverbially, has no friend. And Calaspo's sudden rise and position in his lord's confidence, had irritated enough of the self-love of the corridors to make enemies, not the less bitter for being menial. The Austrian patrol went to the right, up the pass towards Fort Dauphin. The dozen valets, with pistol at belt, and carbine in hand, went to the left, down the ravine which leads to Lombardy. But neither had been absent an hour, when a low rattling of musketry was heard; at intervals it spread round the whole circle of the mountains. The Austrians were on the alert in a few minutes, and drawn up in battalions on the side of the Col. They had not waited long when their patrol came rushing back, declaring that they had been attacked by a superior French force. Almost at the same moment, the troop of valets came diving up the ravine, breathless, terrified, and one half of them wounded; their intelligence was that their too, had fallen into an ambush of French, who attacked them, and notwithstanding "a resistance worthy of a troop of lions," or Amadis de Gaul himself, they had thought it prudent to retire to the castle.

(To be continued.)

NEW SUGGESTION RESPECTING THE TREATMENT OF CHOLERA.

The following article appears in last Saturday's Atlas:

Having in last week's Atlas, suggested that *Chlorine*, in solution, or *Chloric Ether*, might be advantageously employed in the treatment of Cholera, we now proceed to set forth the principal considerations which led us to offer that suggestion.

If it be a duty, which will hardly be questioned, to make known any remedial process, or course of treatment, that has proved efficacious—if such there be—it must be no less proper, in the acknowledged ignorance we have of the disease, and of its means of cure, to bring into notice, for examination by those most competent to decide on its merits, any untried plan or medical practice devised on the principles of science or analogical observation.

Such, if we mistake not, is the ground we stand on, in naming as worthy of having their medicinal powers in relation to Cholera investigated, the preparations of Chlorine already specified. In attempting, briefly, to show that such is the fact, we shall study only to make our reasons clear, not endeavouring to enhance their true weight, nor desiring for the suggestion any respect to which it may not be intrinsically entitled. We acknowledge that it would be a high gratification could we be instrumental in extending the resources of the healing art in so important a case as that now before us; but it would, on the other hand, be utterly repugnant to our feelings to give an unwarrantable recommendation to any remedial process. By merely proposing a medicine, and assigning the reason for so doing, we take a course liable to no objection, unless it be that to which all untried schemes are exposed—of having the result prove that our time and labour were wasted. Yet, even in that event the act is not worthless; because every plausible proposition will engage attention at one moment or other, until its merits have been finally settled; and it is therefore some benefit to have an early demonstration of the futility of such proposals. Has not a service been done to mankind in proving that a "perpetual motion" cannot be discovered?

With this preface, we proceed to notice, not as fully as our wishes would lead us to do, but in such a manner as our present opportunities allow, the reasons which induce us to think the medicinal powers of *Chlorine*, and *Chloric Ether*, deserve trial, in the treatment of Cholera.

1st. They are entitled to the regard which they may claim as belonging to the class of stimulants. The solution of Chloric Ether, as prepared by Mr. Guthrie, has the preference over other diffusible stimulants from being at once active, energetic, safe, and palatable, and above all, as not leaving a consequent depression of the system, like Alcohol.

2d. The Cholera is unquestionably caused and propagated by that kind of pestilential influence to which the name of miasmata has been applied.

3d. It is universally conceded that Chlorine and its preparations are the best agents to counteract the external operation and influence of these morbid principles.

4th. Cholera is closely allied to Malignant Typhus, in which disease muriatic acid and oxymuriatic acid have been found useful—we think, owing to their Chlorine. Other malignant diseases—we have not time or room to go into the questions which might grow out of particularizing them here—have been successfully encountered by some physicians with each of the remedies we have named.

5th. The most intelligent medical men generally agree in opinion that the Cholera is a nervous disease. We believe they are right, and assume the point without argument. Its first assault is probably on the nerves of the stomach and abdominal viscera. Here then it is to be met if possible. Chlorine is one of the shapes we have named seems to us to promise more than any thing else for this use. We say this because of its known antispasmodic virtues, and still more from the efficacy it has been proved to possess in the case of poisoning by Hydrocyanic or Prussic acid. This article is the most active and violent poison known. Its effects in many respects resemble those of the poison of Cholera in its most concentrated influence. Prussic acid kills by a very speedy, and if of its highest strength, an instantaneous operation on the nervous system. Yet this most formidable agent of death has been conquered by a solution of Chlorine. We will in a few words give the result of some experiments detailed in the *Annales de Chimie*. The experimenters (whose names we have not now before us) divide the effect of the Prussic acid on the system into three stages—the reader will perceive how far they may be met with parallels in Cholera—viz. unconsciousness, tetanus, interrupted respiration. In the first, the application of the Chlorine produced immediate relief and cure. In the second stage, the effect was not so speedy, but the animal was well in an hour. In the third, after respiration had ceased for 25 seconds, and death was evidently at hand, the Chlorine recalled the victim to life, and ultimately to full vigor! Other experiments fully confirmed the conclusion drawn, that Chlorine, used promptly, is a perfect antidote to this most deadly poison.

We have room but for one other remark. Spasms being a prominent symptom of the Cholera, some judicious practitioners have made use of tobacco emulata for its relief. This practise is to obviate an effect. It would be a great advantage to anticipate, by overcoming the cause. Dr. Kirk appears to think that the benefit which results from the use of tobacco is in fact produced by its reaching, in part, this object. He says—I am disposed to attribute the good effect of the tobacco rather to some specific power in this peculiar drug, by which it counteracts the poison of Cholera. If this be correct it strengthens the argument for Chlorine.

We have presented our views as well as circumstances permit, and shall be much gratified if they may be of any service to our fellowmen. Should the suggestions made be considered in themselves deserving the test of experiment, we hope that a decision may be had on fair trials. If a dying patient, or an inveterate drunkard, should not obtain relief it would be no better argument against the medicine than it would against the use of water in case of fire because you were unable with it to save a house, when not called until it was nearly burnt to the ground, or to extinguish an ignited magazine of gunpowder.

JUDICIAL WRATH.—A rather amusing scene took place upon the bench in the Common Pleas the other day, when the judges were provoked by the conduct of some action to express themselves warmly on the subject. Mr. Justice Park was very energetic and loud in his condemnation of the proceedings, and was succeeded by Mr. Justice Gaselee in terms equally voluble and denunciatory. Mr. Justice Alderson, finding that he could do nothing farther in explaining the feelings of the Bench, delivered himself thus:—"I am of the same opinion as my learned brothers; yes! even unto the indignation!"—*Lit. Gaz.*

TRANSLATION.—In the recent trial respecting the death of the Prince of Conde, there was a great deal of evidence respecting a private staircase, and whether the door had been opened or not. Somewhat later in the case it was stated of the Prince, that *ses liaisons intimes furent brisées*, which a clever translator for our journals rendered "his inner bolts were broken."—*Id.*

PUN.—"A gentleman of the bar, married to a lady who had lost all her front teeth, and squinted so curiously that she appeared nearly blind, happened to be speaking of another lady who had run away from her husband. 'Well,' said Harvey, 'you have some comfort as to your wife.' 'What do you mean, sir?' said the barrister. 'I mean that if once you should lose Mrs. —, you will never be able to identify her.'"
—*Str. J. Harrington.*

